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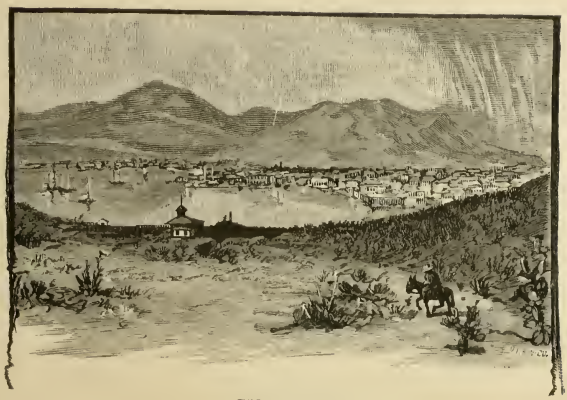

GUAYMAS.

WITH THE INVADER:

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

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TO

M. A. R.

IN MEMORY OF IDLE

WANDERINGS IN MEXICO, THIS RECORD

OF TRAVEL IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED BY

HER SON.

PREFACE.

The Railway is to-day the modern invader of the Southwest. By its advent has been made possible that of the Americans. Probably the region is being overrun for the last time by foreigners; and the last comers are the ones from whom the country will derive its greatest blessings.

The following chapters do not pretend to contain exhaustive information. They are the result of a carelessly planned and leisurely executed journey, and describe nothing beyond what every traveler may easily see and learn.

The Southwest, vast and historically interesting, has a brilliant future. Time, money and labor are necessary for its ultimate development, but already the land of prehistoric people, Spanish conquests and curious legends is beginning to assert itself.

When the future witnesses a realization of the present predictions, and when the Southwest is as familiar to the many as it now is to the few, this volume may at least be historically interesting as containing a picture of Spanish America as it was in 1884.

THE AUTHOR.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec., 1884.

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WITH THE INVADER:

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

CHAPTER I.

Romances and Realities of the Southwest.

BEFORE the Pilgrims landed upon the shores of New England; when Manhattan Island was a wilderness; before Virginia and Florida had seen their first European; in the years of the supremacy of Spain in Europe; when Cervantes was a child, and before Milton, Shakespeare and Bacon were born; before, in fact, America was known to the world, or Columbus had begun to dream that it existed, the great Southwest, which may properly mean to-day that portion of country embraced by New Mexico, Arizona, Northwestern Texas, Southern California and upper Old Mexico was peopled by a race of men who not only enjoyed a high degree of civilization and had towns and cities of great size and importance, but who were versed in the sciences, who had a regular form of government, and who cultivated their lands in a manner most approved of at the present day.

Who these early settlers in this section of America

were is not clearly known. It has not been determined whence they came nor whither they went.

Whether it be true that all races came originally from the "Atlantis" of Homer, and that the Toltecs and Aztecs and Indians of the West and Southwest once inhabited that island supposed to exist opposite the entrance to the Mediterranean; or that the original inhabitants of the Rio Grande Valley were an indigenous people, or that they migrated to the far west from Egypt, matters but little, and is, after all, only a question of interest to the closest student of history and mythology.

That the works of art left by the Toltecs and Aztecs resemble those found in Egypt and in Peru, is indisputable. But whether the west supplied the east or *vice versa* is a mystery which has not been affected by the most learned theories and investigations. The events of the past are clouded by time; the record of prehistoric changes was never written. The Incas of Peru, the Aztecs of Mexico, the Pueblos of Arizona, the Utes, Apaches, Arapahoes, and the Delawares of the north may claim kinship with the Esquimaux around the north pole, or with the dwellers by the waters of the Nile, and none can dispute with them, for the past is all a blank.

But whoever the people were, they had advanced to a power and an excellence in the sixteenth century which was phenomenal. In 1516 Hernandez Cortez reached the shores of Old Mexico and landed at Vera

Cruz. Fighting his way northward, and everywhere impressed with the power and wealth of those whom he desired to conquer, he found in the city, now known as the City of Mexico, a population composed of men who were skilled in the arts and sciences and who had built themselves a capital which might well have belonged to any of the countries of Europe.

Later on, when Montezuma, the emperor of the Aztecs, had been slain and the Spaniards had overrun his land, other explorers from Spain marched still farther toward the north into New Mexico and Arizona, discovering in these countries the same great advancement and high civilization.

They found canals irrigating the lands, prosperous villages, rich mines, large cities, and a people who had evidently inhabited their present homes for many centuries and who were still enjoying the benefits of their early teachings. There was in fact, a nation in the new world which was a surprise to the Spaniards when they first discovered its existence, and which has been the wonder and the admiration of succeeding generations.

The achievements of the people were not as great in New Mexico and Arizona as they were in Old Mexico to be sure, and in the north there was no one who equalled Montezuma, nor cities that could compare in size and magnificence with that in which the Aztec chieftain lived. But the Indians who inhabited the various villages, and who were conversant with so

much that one would naturally suppose they would know nothing of, were interesting objects of study to the Spaniard three hundred years ago and at present lend an attractiveness to the region which is as great as ever before

There is a certain glamour about Spanish America, as the Southwest is sometimes called, which acquaintance does not dispel, but which it rather intensifies. Not only are its history and traditions interesting, the more so perhaps because so vague and full of conjecture, but its subjugation was attended with so much that is romantic, that its history from 1540, the date of the first invader's visit, to 1720, the year when Spanish rule began to grow commonplace, reads at times like the fabulous tales of an active imagination.

It seems incredible, when the truth is realized, that there could possibly have been this great empire in existence, when the rest of America was practically a wilderness. One has to read the story of Spanish discoveries again and again before understanding the importance which the southwestern people had attained when it is generally supposed that Europe alone was creating history and that the rest of the world was uninhabited.

So strange is the story and so unreal does it at first appear, that for years it was forgotten and from the time in which the records of adventure and discovery were prepared by Cortez and his followers to the day when attention was attracted to the country on account of

its great riches, the Southwest was forgotten and its history overlooked. There were vague ideas entertained regarding it. It became a land of myths and shadows and unrealities to the majority, and only the few were conversant with its peculiarities and with its achievements.

Prescott resurrected an interest in Mexico for a time, and by the vividness of his descriptions of the Spanish conquest created a reality out of the mythical Montezuma; and von Humboldt did much to render the distant land more actual. But it has been reserved for the modern invaders of the country, the Railways, to bring it into the present. To the iron bands which now stretch out and over the land of strange events and stranger features is due the general knowledge which is being so rapidly disseminated. It is not idle prophecy now to predict that in a few years Spanish America's history, people and appearance, will be as familiar as Europe or as the rest of America. We may not come to know everything which has happened, down in this strange corner of our continent, and it is more than likely that many of the present mysteries will remain mysterious for all time to come. But in the future, now that they are brought so near the East by the railways, Santa Fé, the Rio Grande Valley, the Pueblos of Taos, Zuñi, and Santo Domingo, Chihuahua, Mexico City, Guaymas, and the relics of Arizona will seem less shadowy and unreal, and more like what they are—tangible realities having an existence ante-

dating that of our Jamestown, our Plymouth and our New York.

Before the railway which now penetrates the southwest was built, the Santa Fé Trail was the only road leading to Santa Fé and to the various sections of country about that ancient metropolis. Early in the present century fabulous tales were told in the East regarding the treasures of the land of the Hidalgos, and in time a line of travel was followed by various pioneers which led westward from the Missouri River across Kansas and down the centre of New Mexico. Never freed from dangers, the old Santa Fé Trail was the scene of many a hardship and privation, and the guides, who piloted heavy trains composed of wagons loaded with goods consigned to Santa Fé, performed deeds of valor and bravery which have made their names famous throughout the land.

It was in taking parties to Santa Fé that Kit Carson gained his great renown. The reverse of anything pertaining to the novelistic hero, Carson was never known to shrink from danger, or to glory in his achievements. The best scout that ever walked the prairies of the Far West, and a man absolutely without fear, he performed the hazardous duties which devolved upon him without a murmur, and when his work was ended his only wish was to be buried in a quiet yard at Taos near the scenes of his daring exploits. Another hero of the trail was Frank Aubry, a man of medium stature and slender proportions, but of iron nerves and in-

domitable courage. He was an excellent scout and did much for the safety of those engaged in business with the Spanish city. Still another hero was Colonel A. G. Boone, a grandson of the famous pioneer. He was considered the best linguist of any of the scouts, and is said to have been able to speak all the Indian languages.

During the days when these several guides were most actively employed, the business transacted over the trail between Santa Fé and the East assumed gigantic proportions. It is estimated that 4000 people were engaged in it at one time and the capital employed reached into the millions. The wagons were driven four abreast, and each caravan started out under control of a captain, whose power was absolute. At night the wagons were drawn up in a circle around a camp fire and selected sentinels took turns in keeping watch over their sleeping companions. When nearing Santa Fé, men were sent in advance of the wagons to engage warehouses and make contracts, and the arrival of the caravan was signalized by a general holiday.

The profits of the Santa Fé business were enormous. Nothwithstanding the heavy duties levied by the Mexicans upon all goods brought from the States into New Mexico, men were sure that the profits would more than balance all expenses. It was this fact that caused so many to engage in the hazardous undertaking. No dangers seemed too great to chill the enthusiasm which prevailed, and to-day one may see from the car

windows of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé trains, the deep ruts marking the course of the canvas covered wagons which once moved slowly to and from the City of Santa Fé.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad is the pioneer line into the Southwest. With but slight deviations, it closely follows the old trail, whose importance it destroyed, and the existence of which first suggested the idea of building a railway into Spanish America. With the completion of the new road has come an absolute cessation of the hardships and dangers which formerly were the accompaniment of every trip to the region of precious ores and curious features. To-day one may travel in a comparatively short space of time from the Missouri River to the Gulf of Mexico in a Pullman car, over the land which witnessed many a battle less than a century ago between the Pathfinders and the Indians, and where, three centuries ago, the restless Spaniards waged fierce wars against the original owners of the valleys, plains and plateaus. Santa Fé is now no longer an isolated and unknown city, for it, El Paso del Norte and Chihuahua and the towns scattered along the valley of the Rio Grande, are on the great iron highway which reaches from Vera Cruz to Kansas City.

The changes of the past ten years, if not the last half dozen, have been phenomenal in the southwest. The treaty by which Mexico gave to the United States her vast possessions, is bearing fruit at last. The predic-

tion of von Humboldt that the wealth of the world would be found to exist in the Southwest is on the verge of realization. In a quarter of a century from the present time it is not unlikely that Spanish America will produce enough to add most materially to the national wealth. That which has been done is but a suggestion of what will be. No one to-day can begin to realize what the future has in store for New Mexico and Arizona. The actualities, great as they are, do not compare in importance with the possibilities.

There is no need to fear that the constant arrival of foreigners will overtax the capacity of the United States to provide for them, when the size of the Southwest is considered. New Mexico is larger than New England and New York and Pennsylvania together; and Arizona is larger still. There are more than thirty millions of acres of land in these two territories awaiting settlers; and only a fraction of the country has yet been developed sufficiently to disclose its rich mines of valuable ore.

With the almost assured growth and development of the country to nourish it, the present railway need have no doubt as to its ultimate financial success. It has the best route, and is first upon the ground. Pushed far beyond the limits proposed by its earliest progenitors, the road has been the creator of business. Towns have sprung into existence because of its arrival, and mines have been worked because capitalists knew they had an outlet for their ore. As the Denver and

Rio Grande Railway did more than is generally acknowledged to develop Colorado, which it covers with a network of lines, so the Atchison has been of material benefit to New Mexico. It has brought that country within easy reach, and has made possible its development.

In penetrating the Southwest, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé was built across Kansas, along the banks of the Arkansas River, and through a region of great fertility. At La Junta, sixty-three miles east of the town of Pueblo, in Colorado, it divides itself into two distinct lines, one extending westward to the Centennial State, where connection is made with the roads through Colorado and the western territories to the Pacific Ocean, and the other reaching almost due southward, over the Raton Mountains, into New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. In February, 1867, forty miles of the railroad were in operation; in 1870 it was completed to Emporia, Kansas, and in 1873 had reached the Colorado line. In 1876 Pueblo was entered, and in 1878 Trinidad, New Mexico, became the southern terminus. Santa Fé was reached in 1880 and Deming in 1881.

At the latter town in Southern New Mexico connection is made with the Southern Pacific Road which leads through Arizona and Southern California to San Francisco. Another important connection is at Albuquerque, New Mexico, the eastern terminus of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. This road is built across

Northern Arizona to the Colorado River, and there has control of a line extending into California as far as Mojave on the Southern Pacific Road. At El Paso, Texas, the Atchison joins the Mexican Central Railway. The latter line has been completed during the present year (1884) and is one of the most important roads yet constructed. It extends from El Paso del Norte, a little town in Mexico built upon the banks of the Rio Grande River, and directly opposite El Paso, Texas, to the City of Mexico. Built by the same men who constructed the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and in close harmony with it, the Mexican Central seems but an extension of the Atchison, and does in reality form with it a grand international line nearly 3000 miles in length.

Besides these connections the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé has numerous branches of its own which are feeders to the main line, and by which important sections of the Southwest are reached. At Las Vegas there is a short branch to the Hot Springs, six miles west from the old Mexican city, and at Lamy another branch of the road extends into the hills of New Mexico to Santa Fé. At Nutt Station, in Southern New Mexico, a line has been completed to Lake Valley, twelve miles away, where are located several mining properties of great value. The product of one of the Lake Valley mines for the last six months of 1882 was one million dollars.

At Deming a line fifty miles in length has been built

to Silver City. This is one of the oldest towns in the southern part of the territory, and has a population of about 3000 people, who are mostly engaged in mining. The famous Santa Rita mines are near Silver City, and Georgetown, a progressive camp, is only eighteen miles distant. The stage connections of the Atchison road are also numerous. They reach every known town of any size or importance, and Concord coaches or wagons meet the various trains.

Kansas City, perched upon its high bluff overlooking the muddy waters of the Missouri, marks the limits of the middle west and is the great central starting point of all who are bound for the Southwest and Mexico. Behind one lies whatever is of the East, while before is the extended, expansive West, with its freshness, its wealth, its attractions and its romances. Escaping from the city, with its ceaseless rush born of an almost unequaled vigor, and riding rapidly toward the setting sun, one begins his long journey across the levels of Kansas with a feeling of rest and buoyancy which is only experienced where nature, and not man alone, is the chief attraction. The Missouri is barely out of sight before Kansas begins to exert its charms. Broad, cultivated fields stretch away in every direction, and there is evidence everywhere that the doubt which once existed regarding the future of the State has been dispelled by the achievements of the present.

Kansas to-day is wealthy, and its future is most promising. Having a length of four hundred miles

and a width of two hundred, it contains 52,000,000 acres of land and a population of nearly 1,500,000. At the Missouri the elevation above the sea is barely 400 feet; at its western extremity, along the borders of Colorado, it is 4000. Admitted to the Union in 1861, and having a most eventful history, the State at present is the great farming country of the west. Along the railway, towns have appeared in rapid succession, until there is left not even a suggestion of the barrenness formerly existing.

The improvements in the last ten years are manifold. The valuation has increased with wonderful rapidity. In 1873 there were 2,530,769 acres of land under cultivation, valued at $28,311,200. In 1883 there were 11,062,080 acres cultivated, with a valuation of $102,042,455, an increase in acreage in ten years of 8,531,311 acres, or 335 per cent. In the production of cereals there has also been a large increase, as follows:

	1876.	1883.
Wheat, bushels, - - -	11,738,408	28,958,884
Rye, " - - -	3,441,189	5,084,391
Corn, " - - -	82,308,176	182,084,526
Oats, " - - -	12,386,216	30,987,864

In 1883 the State produced 6,002,576 tons of hay, and 102,042 acres were planted with sorghum. The latter product is of vast importance. Sugar plays an important part in national and domestic affairs. In 1881 the sum paid for it amounted, with imports, to $57,000,000, more than the value of all the bullion produced in the same year. The staple furnishes one-

fourth of the amount received for import duties, and the demand is increasing more rapidly than our population. Sugar is obtained from Cuba, Porto Rico, the Sandwich Islands and other countries, and only about twelve per cent is of home production.

The sugar cane and beet have hitherto furnished this home supply, but the cane is subject to early frosts and is seldom fully ripened, even in the semi-tropical Southern States. It cannot be depended on. The sugar-beet furnishes thirty per cent. of the sugar consumed by civilized nations, but requires special soil and fertilizers, careful cultivation and an abundance of rain, which must come at a certain time. The American beet-sugar belt is confined to a comparatively small portion of certain Northern and Middle States, and can never become our chief dependence.

Sorghum is a plant that with care may supply not only the wants of this country, but those of others. It belongs to the great family of grasses, and is nearly related to sugar cane and Indian corn. The first Chinese sorghum—which is the best adapted to sugar production—was introduced into the country in 1853 from France. During the civil war it greatly helped to supply the deficiency in our sugar imports, and in Ohio and Illinois "sorghum-molasses" was made in large quantities. In 1876 it was again brought into notice by the Northwestern farmers. In 1878 it was experimented with scientifically by Professor Collier, of the Agricultural Department, who continued his investiga-

tions for five years. His conclusions, stating the best varieties of sorghum adapted to various sections of country, the amount of sugar in the juice of matured plants, the length of the period during which the juice contained a profitable amount of available sugar, and the height and weight of sorghum at each stage of its development, raised at once an interest in the project of making the plant available.

From that time on the interest in the question has increased, and the number of acres planted with sorghum has more than doubled. Raising sorghum is now an important industry.

In 1883 Rio Grande, in New Jersey, produced 282,711 pounds of sugar and 55,000 gallons of molasses, from the plant, and Champaign (Illinois) 160,000 pounds of sugar and 40,000 gallons of molasses. In the same year 48,271 acres of sorghum in Kansas yielded 447,859 tons of cane and 4,684,023 gallons of syrup, valued at $2,058,127.60. Of the 102,042 acres planted, 53,771 were for forage cane, an excellent diet for cattle.

There are 20,071,741 fruit trees in Kansas, and in 1883 the sum of $11,988,801 was invested in manufacturing. The product of the mills was valued at $30,249,360. The value of animals slaughtered and sold for slaughter in the year ending March, 1884, was $31,067,200. In 1883 the wool clip amounted to 3,774,915 pounds. In 1884 there were 1,206,297 sheep and 461,136 horses in the State, besides 1,500,-

000 head of cattle. Grass is luxuriant and nutritious, and the increase in live stock is continuous. Kansas is a stockman's paradise, and in late years there has been a large importation of finer grades of cattle than were previously known.

The State is also a rich producer of coal, lead, zinc, salt and gypsum. Veins of coal have been discovered that measure from three to four feet in thickness, and the supply is practically inexhaustible. Salt abounds in large quantities, and a species of limestone has been found that is particularly well adapted for building purposes.

Kansas originally was a dry country. Away from the valleys, watered by shallow streams, the low hills were covered with short, dry grass, and it was supposed that none of the cereals could be grown. Now, however, water has been found at a depth of less than fifty feet in many places, and every year the farms are being pushed farther toward the west. By irrigation large tracts of valuable land are being reclaimed. Colonies have been established on the plains in rapid succession, and though the average rainfall is very slight, farmers do not suffer from drought. At the present time new settlers are daily arriving from abroad, and are purchasing sections of land belonging to the Atchison road.

Once away from the more thickly settled parts of Western Kansas, one begins to notice these pioneers who are so rapidly reclaiming the boundless plains.

Their houses stand grouped about the simple church, and the fields are freshly broken. Here is a town of industrious Germans, sure of success, and again one hardly knowing whether it is to exist or not. The questionable, however, of last year, is generally the assured of the year to come. Talk with whomever he may, one cannot fail to find hope and confidence most generously distributed. For those who have lived abroad, in constraint and among hardships, Kansas is an El Dorado. It gives blessings to all that deserve. Once doubted, questioned and maligned, it to-day has proved its worthiness, and is reaping the reward of actual merit.

It has been said that traveling across the plains is monotonous. To the many it may be, but to the few at least the journey has its charm. Beyond the town of Coolidge, near the western boundary of Kansas, the country begins to lose its cultivation, and on both sides of the road treeless prairies stretch far away into the distance. The view of the horizon is unobstructed, and between it and the observer are gentle undulations, brown and bare, over which roam vast herds of cattle, adding materially to the wealth of the State.

There is a stillness lingering about the motionless billows of earth and a freshness to the breezes blowing so strongly that is most exhilarating. One gains a rest of body and of mind. He has time for reflection and for meditation. Stopping at a station, with only the undulating wastes in sight, the wind whistles around

the car with the musical cadence with which it blows through the rigging of a ship at sea. There is the same sense of isolation experienced as when upon the ocean. One notices every passing object; it may be a herder on his horse, or a dugout, or a coyote, or a group of prairie dogs; or possibly the train may run past a herd of cattle, or a flock of sheep, or up to a red-roofed station-house, where roughly-clad men are lounging, waiting to see if a passenger stops at their new home in the West.

As daylight begins to fade and the shadows of evening come creeping slowly over the quiet region, the last golden rays of the setting sun flood the grasses and tip the low hill-tops with golden hues, while the sky has an intensified coloring added to it, and high above are arrows of brilliant light shining upon the toiling train and the broad, flat acres. Later, when the lamps are lighted, one knows that out in the inky darkness the feeding herds of the land stand, wondering what strange being of moving lights it is that goes shrieking over their long-neglected country.

The entrance of the Atchison road into New Mexico is by a pass over the Raton Mountains. Leaving La Junta, in Colorado, and passing almost due south, over the famous grazing lands extending eastward from the base of Pike's Peak, the range which divides Colorado from New Mexico is encountered.

In one direction stretch the prairies, while beyond them, toward the west, are seen the snow-capped sum-

mits and the deep-blue sides of the Rockies, lifting themselves skyward like a wall of defiance to further progress in that direction. High above all its fellows, and whitest of all its neighbors, is Pike's Peak, that landmark of '59, toward which so many adventurous pioneers drove their canvas-covered wagons when the Colorado excitement was at its height.

It is a grand old picture, this of the Rocky Mountains, full of bold outlines and changing colors, and one gains an idea, at least, of what the ruggedness there is like as he begins the ascent of the Raton hills, with their deep cañons and frowning heights and bared rocks hanging over the passing train.

When the Atchison road was first constructed it climbed over the Raton range by switching back and forth up the steep grades which had to be overcome. During the last few years, however, a tunnel has been driven through the crest of the mountains, that lessens the grades, and one is plunged into this, after being pushed and pulled by two heavy engines to it, before the northern slope of the range is overcome and New Mexico is entered.

CHAPTER II.

To the Pueblo Stronghold.

NORTHERN New Mexico is a region of plains, covered with immense herds of cattle, ranches, and sheep. The southern part of the Territory is a land of mountains, mines, secluded valleys, and watered basins that have a semi-tropic climate. In the north the conversation of the residents is of cattle; in the south, of mines. Crawling carefully down the Raton Range into this old-new country, the trackless prairies are seen extending to a measureless distance in the east, and westward to where a ridge of mountains has been forced out of the flat levels.

In the south lies the territory of promise and of late fulfillments. With an average breadth of 335 miles, and containing 121,200 square miles, the country, which saw its first European in 1530, reveals its attractions long before the Raton Range begins to fade from sight. From the town of Raton, the centre of the rich coal deposits of Colfax county, to Las Vegas, one of the important stations of the Santa Fé Trail, the railway has hardly an obstacle to overcome, and there is but little variety to the topography of the

country. Except the mountains, extending along the western borders of the Territory, there is not a hill in sight. High over the cattle-dotted plains, with their varying hues of brown, red and green, arches the deep blue sky, rivaling in splendor even that of Italy, and breezes, strong and invigorating, give one vitality to enjoy the novel scenes.

The elevation of Northern New Mexico is 6000 feet—a height that gives clearness and freshness to the air. Let the sun shine with what lustre it will, one rarely experiences discomfort in the shade. Gazing across a stretch of fifty miles to distant heights, there seems but half that intervening space. The clearness of the atmosphere destroys distance. As for the colorings nature is bedecked with, one must see New Mexico to appreciate them. There is a mellowness and richness which cannot be described. Even the faintest hues grow intensified in the strong light, yet never become glaring. The first glimpse of Spanish-America had in the ride southward toward Las Vegas is not one of disappointment. That which was expected is present. Vast, curious, mystical and brilliant, the broad levels lead one on to that which is stranger and more interesting still.

New Mexico is very rich. Not only are its mines productive, the value of their yield for 1882 being nearly $4,000,000, but within its borders are more than 10,000,000 sheep and 700,000 head of cattle. The wool clip for 1882 was 30,000,000 pounds. There

are still 20,000,000 acres of land which can be irrigated, and whose productiveness is unquestioned. Sections of the Rio Grande Valley have been cultivated for two hundred years without the aid of fertilizers.

Eighty bushels of corn and fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, are only average crops. There are to-day more than 2000 farms in the Territory that cover an area of 450,000 acres. Fruit growing is becoming an important industry. The grapes, apples and pears raised in the Rio Grande Valley are easily grown, and find ready markets in the East. It is estimated that enough fruit can be grown in the south to supply a large proportion of the Eastern cities. The soil of the country is good, and the Rio Grande Valley is growing every year more populous and better cultivated. The Indians inhabiting it have never suffered from the lack of fruits, and to-day their orchards may be seen lining the banks of the river as far north as Taos, fifty miles above Santa Fé.

Agriculture, fruit growing, dairy farming and other like industries, however, are still in their infancy, and the region at present depends almost entirely for its reputation on its mines and grazing lands. As a mineral producer and field for stock raising, it has few equals. With a climate of such exceeding mildness that there is practically no winter, and with an abundance of room and water, New Mexico will easily maintain its position. Millions of dollars are already invested and the capital employed is yearly being added to.

Many ranges, owned by stock companies and by individuals, contain from 10,000 to 250,000 acres. Formerly the largest ranch was "Maxwell's." It comprised 2,000,000 acres, and a part of it was sold by Maxwell for $1,000,000 to a company of Holland capitalists. They sent over an agent to examine the property, who reported that the land was covered with squatters whom it would be difficult to remove. Later a young man named Sherwin organized a corporation known as the "Maxwell Grant Company," to which the Holland capitalists gave a deed of their property, taking a part of the stock in the new concern in payment. The other shares were sold in this country to several prominent men in Chicago and the East.

Sherwin was chosen manager, and built himself a magnificent house near the town of Springer, a few miles north of Las Vegas. Immense sums of money were spent on his castle-like dwelling, and he lived like a prince. A year ago he was arrested by the Dutchmen on a charge of swindling them, and has only lately been released. What effect his troubles will have cannot be told now, but it is hardly possible that the property will ever be divided. It is of great value and contains almost priceless water rights.

Near Springer there may be seen across the plains to the east of the railway the home of Dorsey, of Star Route fame. He at one time owned his vast ranch lands alone, but the expenses of his trial so seriously crippled his purse as to oblige him to form a stock

company to hold his possessions. He has now associated with himself in a company that has over $1,000,000 capital his former counsel, Robert G. Ingersoll, and John B. Alley, a retired leather dealer of Boston. Dorsey is the only one of the three living on the ranch. He has erected a house which has every conceivable comfort, and at which he entertains with lavish hospitality. Ingersoll is to build himself a home near by. And if many more men of money and mark adopt New Mexico, the Territory will become the rich man's paradise, rather than the cowboy's pasture.

Besides these more famous ranches, there are many smaller grants which still contain their Mexican settlers and original towns. A ranch near Las Vegas contains a village of several hundred inhabitants, church, school house and scattered adobe dwellings. Riding across these several properties, which in most instances have no visible dividing line between them, there may still be seen the humble homes of the Mexicans whose houses, contrasted with those lately erected by the Americans, are most humble. Built of sun-dried clay, known as *adobe*, and consisting usually of but one room, serving the purposes of a numerous family without regard to sex, they are browned by the sun of the years, and lie scattered over the broad fields like dog kennels in a pasture. Round about them stretch the prairies, so lately without price and now so valuable, and near them runs the railway, bringing its new

life into the region and disturbing the listless quiet that formerly reigned.

There has been much written about ranching, and many alluring figures given. Sifting the statements for facts, enough is now known to warrant the assertion that the business of cattle and sheep raising is usually one of great profits and quick returns. Not only is there at all times a market for hides, wool and pelts, but the increase in stock is enormous.

One must, however, calculate upon diseases, inclemency of weather, low prices, taxes, labor and other losses and expenses. There must also be had sufficient capital. Profits do not come at once. At present the best lands are well occupied, and water privileges, without which ranges are of little use, are scarce.

The question of water was once much more important than now. One acre with a spring was worth more than a thousand without. It was feared that there might be a lack of water, and the question of adequate supply was only answered when it was found that wells could be dug capable of supplying any need. It is now believed that the plains, hitherto regarded useless, may be rendered valuable by artesian wells. If this be true, New Mexico will have many arable acres added to it, and there will be a large increase in the number of small farms and ranches suitable for raising fancy stock and to use as dairy farms.

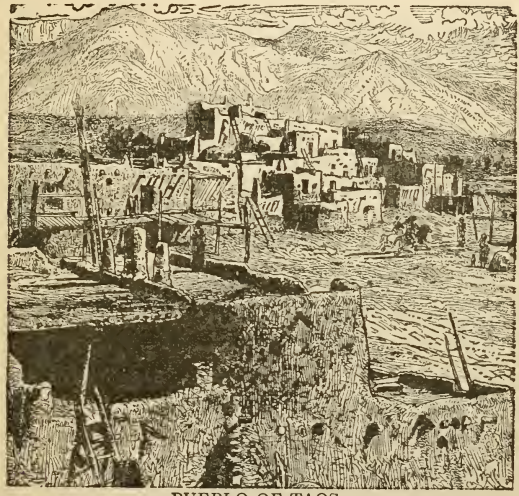
The farther one goes into New Mexico, the more numerous are the objects which have an interesting

history and association. In populating their country the first inhabitants did but little to give an historical attractiveness to the north. Their largest settlements, battles and mines were all in the south. Kansas, Colorado and Northern New Mexico have between them hardly one object which is ancient or interesting. Nor have the later comers, unless an exception is made in favor of the Santa Fé Trail scouts, woven a web of attractiveness about the region. From Kansas City to within a short distance of Las Vegas only the new and the achievements of the present are the salient features.

But once over the plains, and gradually nearing the central portion of the Territory, the past begins to reflect itself in the present, and in various directions there are objects discernible which have a romantic and interesting history. A few miles south of Springer the railroad approaches nearer the western range of mountains, followed from Raton, and the country begins to have its hitherto flat surface broken by isolated hills extending into the plains from the ridge beyond.

Two of the most conspicuous of these treeless elevations, which are blue in the distance, but dull brown on nearer investigation, give to a small station the peculiar name of Wagon Mound. It was during the days of the Santa Fé Trail, as the story is told, that near here the Indians, always ready to dispute the passage of traders' wagons, attacked a train of emigrants. Lying in ambush, and, making a sudden and sharp onslaught upon their enemies, they murdered all the people,

stole the stock and piled the wagons in a broken heap upon the crest of one of the flat-browed hills.



PUEBLO OF TAOS.

Fifty miles west from Wagon Mound, and reached by stage, is the town of Taos, a typical Mexican village, occupying the head of Taos Valley, one of the best watered and most prolific producing sections of Northern New Mexico. It has long enjoyed a life of extreme simplicity and laziness. Whatever its past population was—and Taos was once a city of importance—it has now but few inhabitants, and these pay but little heed to the affairs of the outside world, from which they are so isolated. From the plaza of the village,

with its weed-grown walks and deserted air, narrow streets lead out among flat-roofed adobe houses, and beyond them may be seen the mountains which surround and protect the valley.

In the little cemetery of Taos, occupying a bit of ground just beyond the town limits, Kit Carson is buried. The man who rarely knew a peaceful day has chosen a quiet resting place. Except the rustling of the sun-baked grasses growing over his grave there is an utter stillness about the spot. Round about one stretches the fertile valley filled with soft shadows and overlooked by snow-capped peaks, while a few miles to the north stand the castle-like mounds which have been for centuries the home of the Pueblo Indians.

The Pueblos of Taos, two miles outside the town, are very old. They were discovered by Coronado in 1540, and since that date have changed but little in general appearance. Resembling from a distance two feudal castles, they are in reality a collection of adobe houses piled one on top of the other in promiscuous heaps, each having a height of not less than forty feet. In its earlier days the village was surrounded by a high adobe wall. This has fallen to the ground, however, and only odd, crumbling portions of it remain.

Between the two mounds runs Taos Creek, coming down from the neighboring mountains and flowing through a grove of cottonwoods, which are resorted to

by the Indians of the town. Sitting in the cool shade of these trees and by the side of the loudly murmuring brook, a picture is formed by the Pueblos which can never be forgotten. Far away is a deep blue sky, cloudless and brilliant, and through an opening in the trees, forming a rustic frame, are the two brown castles, outlined against the heavens, and often having a gaily dressed inhabitant seated on the roof of his home and lending a bit of gaudy coloring to the scene. Past one go the people of the strange village, dressed in their primitive costumes and attending to their simple duties, who recall with vividness that romantic past when the tribe had a power, long since lost, and when the Pueblos had double their present population of a thousand people.

A peculiarity of the architecture of Taos is that entrance to all the houses is by ladders leading to the different roofs and thence into the interiors. What light there is in the small, clean homes comes through round holes cut in the walls, and the piazza of one family is the roof of another. There is no attempt at order in the way the houses are piled together. A child could not construct with his blocks more irregular piles than are these of Taos, and the two mounds are full of angles and irregular lines, while the people, climbing their ladders and diving in and out the top doorways leading to their homes, give one the impression that the pueblos are villages inhabited by swallows.

The agility with which the old and young climb the peculiar stairways is something most astonishing. The ladders are old and shaky, but such condition does not deter the youngest and strongest nor the oldest and weakest from going up and down them with frightful rapidity. The women, who do most of the hard work, crawl to their house-tops laden with heavy jars of water or earthen dishes filled with corn, and never make a false step, and as for the children they run up and down the rounds and hardly touch their hands to the ladders in going either way.

The people of Taos are quiet, industrious and thrifty. They till the lands which they own and raise large numbers of sheep, cattle and goats. The great festal day is on the 30th of September, when the grand féte of the year is celebrated. Songs are sung, games are played, and sheep are slaughtered. Everybody eats until there is no longer stomach accommodation for more, and the men of the tribe run races over the plaza between the two pueblos. The bodies of the racers are naked and painted in varying colors, and the house-tops are covered with invited guests from other villages, who group themselves in picturesque masses wherever standing room is offered.

The surface of New Mexico is diversified, and is covered with table-lands, mountains and valleys. The table-lands rise one above the other in sharp terraces, and range in altitude from 5000 feet, in the south and east, to 7500 feet in the north and northwest. Out of

the table-lands rise lofty mountains with heights varying from 10,000 to 12,000 feet. From the mountains cañons and valleys cut their way through the table-lands toward the far off sea.

Elevated above the country sufficiently to obtain a bird's-eye view of it, one would see what a net-work of mountain chains and isolated spurs there is. Coming down from the snow-capped peaks of Colorado, two extensions of the Rocky Mountain system reach their long arms into New Mexico, and south of where they end rise detached formations, which may be traced as far as Texas and old Mexico.

At Las Vegas the Atchison Road begins to meet the heights that have to be overcome before the southern parts of the Territory are reached. Las Vegas itself is one of the oldest towns in Northern New Mexico. There is the old Las Vegas, which grew into prominece during the Santa Fé Trail days, and the new Las Vegas, created by the railway. Strictly speaking, the old town is the more picturesque of the two, but even it has only a moderate number of attractions. Essentially Spanish in its architecture, the adobe houses are scattered over the meadows, on which the city stands, in confused disorder, and in their midst is the inevitable plaza, sure to be found in every Mexican village.

If it were not that its neighbors are more pleasing, Las Vegas might attract more attention than it does. But rivals have robbed it of its past glory and importance as well as distanced it in population, and to-day

it is the new town, standing opposite the old on the right bank of the Gallinas river, which is commonly meant when Las Vegas is spoken of.

The late arrival is very new, plain, and conventional. Differing but little from the villages of New England, but utterly lacking the quiet of those tree-embowered towns, it has scores of uncouth wooden houses hopelessly huddled together and reflecting the hot sunlight from perspiring shingles. But the place is a busy one, and its trade as a supply town for the neighboring country is large.

Six miles west of Las Vegas are the Hot Springs, to which extends a branch of the Atchison Road, and where a hotel is being erected that will have no superior and hardly an equal in the West. The "Montezuma," as it is to be called, in honor of the Aztec mythological god, whose children were the first discoverers of the Springs, will cost over $150,000 and afford every luxury. Its many comforts, together with the extended view which it commands of the mountains near by and of the plains stretching toward the east, will be sufficient inducements to render it a favorite resort.

The Hot Springs have long enjoyed deserved popularity because of their medicinal qualities. There are forty in all, and an analysis of three of them gives the following table:

Constituents.	Spring No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Sodium Carbonate	1.72	1.17	5.00
Calcium Carbonate, Magnesium Carbonate,	1.08	10.63	11.43
Sodium Sulphate	14.12	15.43	16.21
Sodium Chloride	27.26	24.37	27.34
Potassium	Trace.	Trace.	Trace.
Lithium	Strong Trace.	St'g Tr.	St'g Tr.
Silicic Acid	1.04	Trace.	2.51
Iodine	Trace.	Trace.	Trace.
Bromine	Trace.	Trace.	Trace.
Temperature	130° F.	123° F.	123° F.

As often as a new spring is discovered it is curbed with red and white granite from the bluffs bordering the river and a rustic bower is built over it in which one may sit and drink of the highly charged waters which bubble from the earth.

The Gallinas cañon, containing the springs, opens out from the foothills of the main range, and has a romantic beauty peculiarly inviting. Beyond the mouth of the narrow ravine, from which the river tumbles over a rock-strewn bed, lies the little plateau of thirty acres on which are the hotel, the bath houses and several cottages. Gathered around this, and enclosing it on three sides, are brown hills with clinging vines and hardy shrubs, while through a narrow opening, by which the railway reaches the region, a long extended vista is obtained of the country reaching like an ocean far away to the blue horizon in the east. Still, richly colored and wide, the prairies from such a height are imbued with a new interest and beauty. At times there are swiftly moving cloud patches dotting them,

and again they are like the unruffled surface of a sea, and canvas-covered wagons, white in the sunlight, go slowly along their way as one sees full-rigged ships, from some rocky coast, sailing from port to port. There is no movement to these earth billows, and no soft, strong murmur comes from them as they touch the ridges rising from their bosom. All is inanimate, hushed and dead.

Early in the present century the springs were religiously guarded night and day by the Indians of the country, who allowed only a favored few to bathe in and drink of the waters. In 1846 an adobe bath house was erected and a hospital established by the United States Army. In 1862 General Canby occupied the quarters, and the old building was afterwards used as a hotel until 1879, when the present house, near the "Montezuma," was built.

The bath house is new and commodious. Built of native red granite, and two stories high, it is 200 feet long by 42 feet wide. The upper floor is occupied as offices and the bath rooms are below. The daily capacity of the house is 500 baths of every variety—medicated, electric, vapor, tub, spray, mud and shower. Experienced attendants are always present, and many remarkable cures have been effected. All skin diseases and rheumatism and stomach difficulties are especially benefited, and the climate is such that those suffering from pulmonary and miasmatic troubles obtain great relief.

Below Las Vegas begins the real work of reaching the South. The mountains, which must be crossed or overcome in some manner before Santa Fé and the Rio Grande Valley are entered, begin to assert their power. There is hardly a mile where the railroad track is straight. Its course is that of a serpent's—full of twists and turns—and the grades are heavy and numerous. Climbing over high *mesas*, penetrating deep cañons, and winding through forests of pine, pinon and oak, the invader of the historic country reaches its strong arm into the fastnesses of the range and offers constantly changing views of varied attractiveness.

There is rugged grandeur everywhere. Here a rocky pinnacle rears itself high above the passing train, and there, far beyond the deep green tops of some long neglected forest, appear the whitened summits of distant hills clearly outlined against the deep blue sky. The rule of nature is absolute. Trees lie where they fell, streams run unmolested down rocky channels, the woods are full of game, and only some boulder, hurled from its resting place by the frosts of winter, and tearing a pathway for itself down the mountain side, has disturbed the natural growth of the countless trees and shrubs.

Compared with the unvarying monotony of the plains, the constant change in the vistas offered by the mountains is most welcome. There is ever something new, fresh and entertaining. The air is laden with

sweet perfume, and the colorings are so rich a hue that, were they painted, the artist would be accused of exaggeration. Here the rocks are a brilliant red, here a mellow yellow, and there a grayish white. Near hills are brown, and distant ones deep blue. There, drifts of snow lie white upon the peaks, and reaching to where they are, grow dark green trees. It is a novel combination, and every hue, no matter how slight, has the clear sky and the strong, warm sunlight to heighten its effect.

One of the most noted landmarks on the road between Las Vegas and Santa Fé is Starvation Peak. The flat-topped hill rises high above its neighbors and is visible long before reached, and for hours after it is passed. On its crest is a wooden cross, and around its base grow tall pines, above which the peak looks out upon a wilderness of mountains, cañons and foaming streams.

The weather-beaten cross recalls the fearful suffering of departed days. In 1837, during a war between Mexicans and Indians, the latter invited their enemies to a council at the top of the peak. It being mutually agreed that all arms should be left in camp, the Mexicans met their tricky foes on the height and a council was held with every evidence of good faith. But during the meeting the Indians slowly brought up their weapons, and, at a given signal, gave a startling war cry, swept down upon the Mexican camp in the valley and murdered in cold blood the startled people who were there.

Finishing that work, they surrounded the peak and waited with grim delight for starvation to do its work. The Mexicans on the summit were utterly defenseless, and had but the alternative of descending to certain death, or remaining where they were, without food or fire, until death should relieve them of their misery. They chose the latter fate, and when the war was over, their bones were found whitening upon the mountain top which to-day bears its singular and suggestive name.

Below Starvation Peak the railway follows the crest of a narrow forest-covered ridge. At the right of the elevation, which has a gentle slope into a valley watered by the river Pecos, stand the ruins of the old Pecos church and of the village of Pecos, which a hundred years ago was one of the largest Pueblos in New Mexico.

Seen from the railway, the church seems the only object having so much as a wall remaining, for the red-hued stones of the houses are scattered over the ground, and trees are growing over the historic spot. In a few years the ancient village will become obliterated, and when even the church lies prone, and no traces of the houses can be seen, there will have been destroyed one of the most interesting ruins in the Territory. For Pecos Pueblo was undoubtedly one of the seven cities which tempted Coronado to journey into the North more than three hundred years ago, and was, if tradition is reliable, the place in which the

sacred flame of Montezuma burned for so many centuries prior to its removal to Taos.

The legend of Montezuma declares that the father of the Aztecs was born at Pecos, and lived there until an eagle bore him away to distant lands and from the sight of those who have, and whose children have, watched ever since for his coming again with "glory from the east" and laden with "blessings and with power." The faith that Montezuma will return has never once been shaken through all the centuries of suffering and disappointment. The priests stand upon the house tops to-day as they did in the ages past, shading their eyes with their hands, and gazing toward the east, hoping to see their Redeemer coming. The fire which Montezuma lighted on the old altar at Pecos burns in a guarded shrine at Taos, and Pecos is the Mecca of the scattered tribes.

The town is in ruins, and deserted. Vandal hands have stolen its treasures and a new civilization is pressing upon its crumbling stones. Silence reigns down by the passing stream and the emperor of the past has become a shadowy unreality. Yet still the people hope and trust and believe implicitly that the great cities of the South and the various Pueblos of the North are standing now on those places where Montezuma and his eagle rested in their long flight from the village by the Pecos River.

Given an energetic population, and the Pecos Valley would long ago have become a veritable garden.

Protected, fertile, well watered and beautiful, it seems to wait the era of improvement with open arms. In the stream are many fish, and game abounds in the forests. The region is the sportsman's paradise. Nor need the artist want for material. Nowhere in New Mexico is there greater variety or more picturesqueness. The region is a bit of unpolluted nature, fresh and fair and elysian. The stream is cold and clear, the shade is deep and rich, the isolated rocks are vari-hued, and overlooking the valley are high mountains, lending a grandeur to the scene. No wonder Montezuma lived here, and it is only strange that in the present nature holds a sway so undisputed.

The narrowest part of the Pecos Valley, and through which the road extends to the junction town of Lamy and thence to Santa Fé, is Glorietta Pass. In it is Apache Cañon, formed by twin ledges of yellowish rock pressing so closely together that there is barely room for the train and stream to pass between.

Apache Cañon has a history. One of the sharpest battles of the late war was fought there. In 1863 the Confederates marched up the Rio Grande Valley and attacked the towns of New Mexico and Colorado, gaining possession of Albuquerque, Santa Fé, and several scattered villages. In the north the Unionists became alarmed at the invasion, and petitions for help were forwarded to Washington. But Virginia was in danger as well as Colorado, and no aid could be spared to protect the Far West. Upon receiving this

ultimatum a company, composed of frontiersmen and citizens was formed at Denver.

Marching southward, with only their patriotism to encourage them, the handful of men came to Glorietta Pass, and camped there. Soon the Texans, with their ranks swelled by Mexicans, marched into Apache Cañon, and were met by the Unionists. The odds were ten to one against the patriots; but when the engagement ended, thousands of dead Texans lay piled together in the ravine, and the live ones were making haste down the valley to their homes. The West was saved, and later the captured towns in New Mexico were retaken.

CHAPTER III.

America's Oldest City.

SANTA FÉ enjoys the distinction of being the oldest city in America, and in 1883 it celebrated its tertio-millennium. It requires perhaps a slight stretch of the quality in honor of which the town is named to accept the age which is given the place without question; but even if the antiquity is exaggerated a few years, it is only a very few, and the town is sufficiently hoary with antiquity to satisfy any one desirous of something ancient and historical in America.

The date from which Santa Fé begins to count the years of its existence is 1550. Ten years previously the Spanish adventurer, Coronado, had visited the Pueblo, which was afterwards captured by the invaders and rechristened with its present name, and it was probably at an earlier date than 1550 that the present city began to have its foundations laid.

In 1540, when the Spaniards looked for the first time upon the city, Santa Fé was an Indian village of great size and importance. Not only was its population larger than that of its neighbors, but it was better built and better located. It was so attractive indeed, that the visitors

from Spain were at once filled with a desire to possess it, and they never rested until they had subjugated the people. Marching down upon the city from the hill commanding a view of it, they leveled its walls and destroyed its houses, and on the ruins erected the present town.

Spanish cruelty has robbed the world of the history of the Aztec stronghold antedating the invasion of 1540. Had the conquerors treated their victims with any leniency at all there would be to-day less conjecture and more certainty regarding the original village and its people. But so great was the tyranny of the Spaniards, and so harsh their measures, that the Indians revolted after more than a century of servitude, and in 1680 drove the invaders from their city and from the land. Then came a half-dozen years of annihilation. Churches were destroyed, houses leveled to the ground, valuable mines obliterated, Spanish documents burned, and vandalism reigned supreme. The cruelty of the past century suggested every form of obliteration. Santa Fé was pillaged, and in its plaza the records of the first discoverers of the place, which would now throw so much light upon a doubtful question, fed the fire whose fitful glare lighted the destroyers engaged upon their angry work.

In 1693 the Spaniards, under De Varque, reconquered the town, after a desperate fight, and from that time Santa Fé enjoyed a listless lease of life which has really never been disturbed. Even with its start of more than a century it cannot compare in size or im-

portance with many of its rivals, who will be obliged to wait more centuries than one cares to contemplate before claiming an age equal to that of Santa Fé.

Under the rule of Spain, the city was very much the sort of place that it was when the Pueblo Indians, and possibly the Aztecs, who preceded them, held control. Had the monuments of the original builders been kept intact, they would more than likely be as imposing as are those which the Spaniards have left. Enough is known of the old Pueblo, which antedates the Spanish discovery no one knows how long, to warrant the assertion that it was a veritable metropolis of grand proportions. But the present city is far from being imposing, and were it not that the place has a romantic history and is picturesque in many of its details, it would hardly receive the attention now lavished upon it.

At first sight it is peculiarly Spanish in its architecture, and a more intimate acquaintance with its narrow crooked streets, shaded balconies, flowery *placitas* and quaint adobe buildings, heightens one's first illusion, which impelled him to imagine Santa Fé a town of some foreign land rather than one resting on American soil. The sophism is most natural. Except in a few particulars, more noticeable in late years than in the past, Santa Fé might easily pass muster as a town of Spain. It bears everywhere the marks of its Spanish origin. The material used in building, and the peculiar conditions of climate which had to be

considered, have given it an old-world appearance and general solidity of design, which is particularly acceptable in a region where there is so much that is frail, and new, and unstable.

Compared with the frontier towns of the west, with their crude glarishness, Santa Fé is solidity personified, and one notices with unaffected sorrow the increasing Americanisms which are so surely altering the old houses and the quaint streets, and which are robbing the city of much of its old time charm.

The history of Santa Fé from 1540 until the late invasion by Americans, is the uneventful story of a people who were little inclined to exert themselves and who were satisfied, so long as they had enough to eat and drink, to sit in the warm corners of their town and take life as it came without questioning the why or wherefore.

Some one has said that if Montesquieu was right in calling that people happy whose annals were tiresome, the Santa Féans should have been supremely happy. So far as there is external evidence the inhabitants of the old city did but little in their lives to render their town attractive or to develop the vast natural resources of their country. It may be that the warm climate of New Mexico was not sufficiently stimulating to create activity, or that the people were naturally lazy. Whatever the cause, there was great inactivity, and the priests, who followed the conquerors, appear to have been the only ones who were imbued with the slightest

animation. The result of this one-sided activity is that Santa Fé has more churches than there seems to be the slightest necessity for, and the natives are an essentially church-going people.

The First Yankee visitor to Santa Fé was Lieutenant Pike, whose name is given to one of the highest peaks in Colorado. He visited the city in 1806, and was not particularly pleased with its appearance. In 1846 the United States declared war against Mexico, and a strong force under General Kearney was sent to take possession of New Mexico. They captured Santa Fé without opposition and Kearney built a fort on the height behind the town, which he called Fort Marcy, and the crumbling ruins of which may still be seen. Later on other troops were quartered in the old town and a military post was established near the plaza, which was the cause of many Americans drifting into the country and settling in the city of New Spain.

But still the early comers were only indifferent civilizers, and Santa Fé remained, as Goldsmith would say, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," and there was but little life in the place until the mining "boom" of a few years ago that caused the Southwest to assume a new importance, and which was the direct cause of that railway building in the Territory which has so changed the historic land.

The best view of Santa Fé is that obtained from the ruins of old Fort Marcy. The crumbling walls of the defense occupy the crest of a brown-hued hill rising

just back of the city which overlooks the plateau upon which the town stands and the valley stretching southward toward old Mexico. In the north runs a ledge of hills with snow-capped peaks, while southward rise the Cerrillos, blue and indistinct and with heavy clouds rolling about their snowy summits. The scene is never tiresome, and is full of changes as the cloud patches dot the valley and the sunlight falls upon the range beyond.

At one's feet lies the city, its low-roofed houses covering the *mesa* and its narrow streets extending in wavering courses among sun-baked walls. There flows Santa Fé Creek, with time-stained huts lining its banks, there rises the torn façade of old San Miguel, there the spire of Guadalupe, there the roof of San Francisco, while in the centre of the town lies the plaza, with its green trees reaching high above the palace and overshadowing the nearer house-tops. Gaping chimneys send wreaths of smoke curling into the air, the sky is blue and clear, and beyond the valley, filled with shadowy mounds, peak after peak is seen lifting pointed heads far into cloud land.

Santa Fé is all disclosed to view, and from its busy portions the eye roves away to where there is still the old-time quiet and primitiveness and where children are playing about the open doorways and women are baking bread in their earthen ovens as they have done for so many years. The coloring is as varied as the prospect. Brown and yellow, blue and white are crowded

before one's vision everywhere, and a country is spread in sight which seems without a limit. No wonder the Indians fought hard to retain their home, or that the Spaniards fought as strongly to obtain the place.

The prevailing color in Santa Fé is brown. Nearly all, and it was not long ago that the qualifying adverb might have been omitted, the houses are built of *adobe* which has been baked by the suns of fleeting years until given the deep, warm and eye-resting hue it has. The streets, too, so *adobe* themselves that the slightest moisture renders them as slippery and pasty as a brick-yard in rainy weather, are of brown-hued earth, and the distant range, and the elevations about the town are brown. At sunrise and sunset the houses are lighted with a coloring that is almost reddish brown, but during the day, when there is a steady glare, they lose their brilliant hues and appear in their true shades.

Here and there about the city one may find a few buildings which are more yellow than brown, notably the church of San Miguel, and the façade of the new San Francisco Cathedral, and off in the southern limits of the plateau are a few highly colored, red-tinged rocks; and whenever the hills have their sides disturbed the earth is red-hued, too.

It is a happy combination of colorings, and all the shades are intensified and made conspicuous by that over-arching sky, pure and blue, and deep, and by the white sunlight, which causes the houses to throw long,

dark shadows, and which is itself reflected with almost dazzling beauty from off the snow-covered ranges stretching across the horizon in the south and west.

During the summer season, which begins earlier and lasts longer than in the East, Santa Fé has still another beauty formed by the green-leaved trees which line both banks of Santa Fé Creek—upon which the town is built—and which fill the little plaza, spread out in front of the old Governor's Palace. Then there is more freshness on the hillsides and in the yards, and the town, except its houses, resembles many of those New England villages which are scattered among the New Hampshire hills.

It seems almost a pity to those who are inclined to cling to the old, that Santa Fé cannot retain its brownness, which is so in keeping with the soil upon which the city stands and with the faces of those who live within the sun-baked houses. One regrets the presence of the new American cottages. Their pointed roofs, with prosaic shingles, their angles, so obtrusive, and their glaring white fronts and trim walls of bright red brick are not in keeping with the natural colors that exist.

And yet regrets at the modern innovation are useless. Santa Fé contains many new houses, and will contain many more, and to-day the flaming posters, stiff new signs, heavy wagons, the hurry and bustle characteristic of American "pluck" and "energy," are prominently present, and the plaza, which at one time witnessed

the marshaling there of gaily bedecked Spaniards, at another saw infuriated Indians, bent on reclaiming their own, rushing across it to the Palace, and which at all times, until Santa Fé became so modernized, was the resting place of picturesquely attired people, speaking together in a musical tongue, the plaza even is changed. One sees more Americans there than he does Mexicans, and there is not the ancient restfulness and quiet which once existed. The name "plaza" should be changed to "common," for the spot is no longer Spanish.

There are still portions of the city, however, which the modern invaders have not attacked as yet, and where one may still find the simply built houses and the simple-minded people who once were the only inhabitants. Leaving the plaza and following any one of the several narrow streets that lead from it toward the creek that runs along the eastern limits of the city and divides old from new Santa Fé, one comes to where there are intricate and tortuous alley-ways leading among small, ill-kept dilapidated abodes in which the Mexicans live. Except where they have fallen down, and have been replaced by fences, there are long lines of *adobe* walls, brown as the houses and the children, and behind which are the gardens and the oval-shaped baking ovens and the other accessories of a well ordered household.

Near San Miguel, out in this part of Santa Fé, stands the oldest house in America, which, if it has not the

age allowed it, has certainly a sufficiently antiquated appearance. It is only one story high, and through the doorway one has a glimpse of a bare-floored room in which dogs, chickens and children are mixed together in indescribable confusion. The windows, few in number and small, are set deep into the adobe walls, and the yard is the congregating spot of the many who idle there basking in the warm sunlight or the shade of afternoon.

The street leading past the old place, a cow-path in width, runs near many other homes which have age and primitiveness written all over them. Some are better and cleaner than others, and the yards are all carefully swept, and the rooms, with their earthen floors, and ceiling beams and whitened walls, are refreshing places in which to lounge away an hour.

The latch-string is always out, among the Mexicans. The people are hospitable to an extreme, and the simple request for entrance insures a hospitality that is unbounded and limited only by means of the host and hostess. Running down from many of the cottages are the diminutive gardens which do so much toward giving bread to the people. They are very small, these bits of ground, but very neat, and every inch of earth is cultivated.

Wandering about them, with the walls hiding the streets with their activity, and hearing the murmuring waters of the stream bubbling contentedly past, one seems again in Arcadia, or likens himself to the fathers

of old who had their gardens in the west, and who listened to the same old bells that still clang their summons from out the distant towers of the various churches.

Santa Fé means "Holy Faith." Whether the Franciscan fathers feared there would be a lack of faith unless they deluged the town with churches, or whether it aided Spanish power to have numerous houses of worship, is a question. But whatever the incentive, Santa Fé is unusually well provided with miniature cathedrals of golden age, which are severally interesting. None of them are cathedrals in reality, and robbed of their associations would hardly be worth inspection. But their history is closely allied to that of the city, and as specimens of Spanish architecture in the west they enjoy no little importance. Time has dealt none too gently with the adobe structures. The walls are scarred and infirm, the heavy beams are stained and warped, and the towers show a general weakness, which is *prima facie* evidence of their age.

The three important churches are Guadalupe, San Miguel and San Francisco, or St. Francis. Of these San Miguel is the only one remaining as it was built a hundred years or more ago, or that has great age. The others were not finished until several years after it was opened, and to-day have been altered past all recognition.

Guadalupe has had a wooden roof and steeple added to its old flat roof and cracked belfry, and as

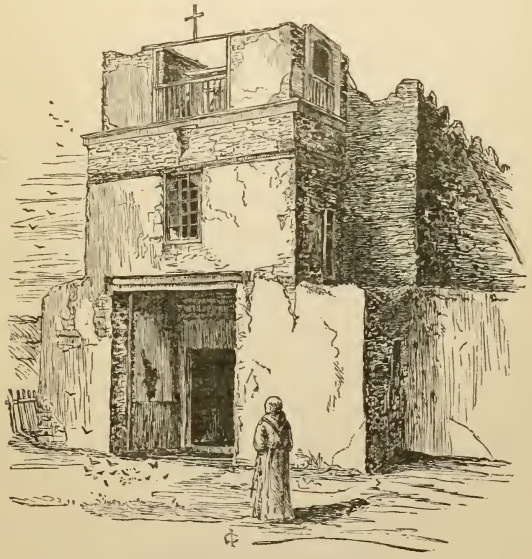
for San Francisco, the stone walls of the new church completely hide the adobe ones of the old, and it is only by careful search that the original cathedral is discovered.

It is all very necessary, probably, this modernizing and destroying, but in losing its old churches Santa Fé will lose one of its chief attractions. It is the old and curious, rather than the new and prosaic which is desired in the Southwest. One may not care to worship in adobe houses with bare floors, somber shadows and dingy walls, but he enjoys seeing others do so. That which is picturesque is attractive, and the old churches of Santa Fé were that, whatever else they may or may not have been.

San Miguel is part and parcel of old Santa Fé. The body of the church extends in front of the oldest house of the city, and the façade looks out upon a wall-enclosed yard, facing one of the narrow lanes.

Standing before the time-stained tower, with its wooden cross still feebly bidding defiance to time and weather, one looks over flat-roofed houses to the rushing waters of the creek, flowing down from the mountains and out into the valley, and across it to the newer portions of the city, crowded together at the base of low-browed hills, which reach far away to blue ridges, with whitened tops, looming proudly into sight. It is very quiet in the neighborhood, and the church itself has a sedateness corresponding to the houses clustering at its side. It is a plain, unornamented

structure, built for use, and not for show. In earlier days, before the walls became so insecure, a Spanish bell hung in the tower, and rang out its summons. But to-day the belfry is empty, and the old bell, cast in 1356, has an honored niche within the church.



FAÇADE OF SAN MIGUEL.

Entering the interior, and shutting out the greater part of daylight behind the heavy doors, closing with noisy clatter behind one, there is found a softened light doing its best to illumine the darkened corners.

At one end of the long and narrow room, confined by thick, white walls, set with deep-cut windows, stands the altar, gaudy with its decorations, while above the entrance doorway is the choir, supported by heavy beams, still showing the carvings cut by the builders years ago. It is a simple, unpretentious room, and one that sees but little of the pomp and show that marked its earlier life. There is a mustiness in the atmosphere aud a venerableness about the wood-work which is unmistakably ancient.

It is supposed that San Miguel was originally built very shortly after the year 1600, during the governorship of Oñate. In the Indian revolution of 1680 it was nearly destroyed by the exasperated natives, who left only a wall or two of its orignal edifice standing. In 1693, after the re-conquest of the city by the Spaniards, the work of rebuilding was begun, and in 1710 the church was finished.

At the head of San Francisco street, extending north and south past the plaza, is the Cathedral of San Francisco. A new church is being built over the old one, and while the original edifice is still used for worship, its days are already numbered.

When erected, in 1761, the cathedral was the largest and the most imposing looking church in New Mexico. Two heavy towers flanked the façade, and the entrance doors were of stained wood, elaborately carved. These are things of the past now, and the thick outer walls are broken down in many places. and only the

interior, dark and gloomy, retains its original shape and attractions. Visiting the place at any hour of the day, one will find silent worshippers kneeling on the hard floor before the various shrines, or in front of the altar, while on Sunday the church is filled with people, and clouds of incense rise to the time-stained rafters overhead.

San Francisco is cruciform in shape, and contains several interesting objects left by the Spaniards. The most highly prized relic is the great Reredos, made of native stone, carved in relief, which stands behind the altar, and extends across the entire width of the chancel recess to the eaves of the building.

It is in three sections, with carved arabesque columns between them, the whole being painted in appropriate colors. In the center is a large, life-sized statue, and above that a relief of St. James on horseback, killing turbaned Saracens. Over that, crowning the whole Reredos, is a representation of St. Joseph, and of the Virgin and Child. On the north side are two carved pictures, in stone relief, one of St. Anthony of Padua, with the Holy Child, and a tree; and the other of St. Ignacius, with a book and standard. Opposite these are St. John Nepomuceno, with cross and palm, and St. Francis Xavier baptizing Indians.

On both sides of the altar, in the main body of the church, are two small chapels, dedicated respectively to San José and the Blessed Virgin. The chapel of San José has a number of old and valuable pictures.

That over the altar is of St. Joseph, and underneath it is a statuette of the same saint wearing a crown and holding the Infant Christ. Near by is another picture of St. Joseph, and one of a monk, and of St. Augustine wearing a bishop's mitre. On one of the chapel walls hang paintings of the Good Samaritan, of a saint in penitential robes, and of a Franciscan friar.

In the chapel of the Blessed Virgin are two figures of female saints, the one on the right of the altar being painted in bright colors, while that on the left is black. Over the altar is an image of the Virgin clothed in rich silk vestments, above which is a picture of the Madonna, and beneath an "Ecce Homo." On the left and right are paintings of the Assumption of the Virgin and of St. Joseph, companion pieces, and between them and the altar smaller pictures representing two female saints.

In the body of the church are the usual "Stations of the Cross," of large size, and on the north side a niche containing an image of Christ in the Tomb, used in the ceremonies between Good Friday and Easter. Over the chancel are three stained glass windows, with figures representing St. Francis, St. Joseph and the Immaculate Conception. In the sacristy is a painting of Our Lord, and a statue in wood and enamel of San Antonio de Padua, of Spanish origin, eighteen inches high, and similar in style to those at Santa Cruz and the Guadalupe Church. In the same place is a large image of the Santo Niño Conquistador. None of the

paintings are artistic, but in the faint light of the church they lend a certain impressiveness to the place, and the rudely carved and horribly decorated images of the Savior, and of various saints, are devotedly admired by the natives.

The Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe has been so restored and modernized that its builders, could they see it to-day, would hardly recognize it as the one which they erected. In place of the flat roof of brown adobe, there is the pointed, shingled one, which so generally graces a "meeting house" in New England, and the belfry, in which once hung a half dozen bells made of native brass, is replaced by a steeple of great angularity and no beauty. The floor has been covered with boards and pews, while the walls have been studded with wide windows, which flood the old place with a glaring light, rendering it commonplace and unattractive. Were it not for the heavy beams supporting the choir and the roof, Guadalupe would be a creation of the present day. But the beams could not be removed, and now, with the old paintings which the church contains, save the pile from being entirely without interest.

The principal picture in the collection is that behind the altar. It is dedicated to *Neustra Señora de Guadalupe*, and is composed of six paintings, two on each side, one in the center and one over the center, the whole covering a canvas some fourteen feet high by ten wide.

The central picture is the usual one of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which, of course is unchangeable, as all are copies of the original which appeared on the talma of the shepherd. Around this are four pictures representing scenes in the story of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The first scene represents the Virgin appearing to the shepherd, Juan Diego, and the latter hastening to obey her command. Opposite this is the second scene, when the shepherd returns after being repulsed by the Bishop of Mexico, three angels appearing above him. Below is represented the third scene, when Diego brings the roses in his talma at the command of the Virgin, and opposite this, the fourth and last scene, where on opening the talma before the bishop, the miraculous painting of Our Lady appears. Above the whole is a representation of the three persons of the Trinity, the Son being distinguished by the nail-marks in his hands.

The most interesting single work is the picture on a large copper plate, which was painted in 1779 by Sebastian Salcedo. The frame is a unique production of art, having silver corners and a silver ornament on each of the four sides, and the painting itself is made up of a number of small pictures, the central one being Our Lady of Guadalupe, surrounded by angels and patriarchs presenting crowns. Above her are seven different scenes in the history of her appearance to Diego; four of them similar to those in the great altar-picture, and three of other scenes.

Below is a portrait of Pope Benedict XIV, and on the right an emblematic picture of the Mexican Empire, personified as a female.

The church also contains two antique statuettes—one of which is the finest specimen of wood carving, combined witth enamel work, existing in America. It represents the Virgin standing in the crescent of a new moon, surrounded by clouds. Directly underneath the figure is a cherub's face. The robes are of exquisite workmanship, representing embroidery, and the coloring is in red and purple contrasted with black and gold. The other statue is a wood and plaster one, representing St. Joseph, and is a worthless piece of work. It was made by the Indians about a century ago.

In the gallery is a large Mexican painting of a saint. The figure occupies the center of the canvas. Behind it is a large cross and over the head are two angels holding crowns. In one lower corner is another angel presenting a crown, and in the opposite corner a table holding a hideous skull. The picture is far from artistic, but as a specimen of art in the Territory a hundred years ago, is interesting and valuable.

Next to their churches the Santa Féans take particular pride in their old Governor's Palace, or *Palacio del Gobernador*, as it was called until the Americans occupied it. The building itself has a history full of pathos and stirring incident. It was the palace of the Pueblo Chiefs long before the name of Santa Fé was given the

town, and for nearly three hundred years the various Captain Generals of Spain issued their edicts from its dingy rooms. Altered and added to, whitewashed and restored, there are still the old walls of the original edifice remaining, and the place is to-day the official residence of the Territorial Governor.

In front of the building, which faces the plaza, runs a shaded portico supported by a row of wooden pillars, while opening from it are the various rooms of the palace. During the heat of the day and on those afternoons when the military band plays in the plaza, the portico is filled with idlers of every nationality, and for a time the ancient palace assumes its old time liveliness and importance. Usually, however, there is a listless quiet about it, and except for a few *burros* fastened to the pillars the palace, which saw so much excitement in the past, is left to its meditations undisturbed. In one of the rooms Lew Wallace wrote, "Ben Hur" and "A Fair God," and in another General Kearney was received, and Pike was entertained. The house in reality is a mecca of three nations, for three different people have been interested in it.

Leaving the palace and passing through the plaza, filled with idlers resting on the various benches scattered about beneath the green trees, the principal business street of Santa Fé is reached. In olden days, when dark-eyed Mexicans held the city, San Francisco street, as the narrow thoroughfare is called, was lined with residences, but to-day its *casas* are converted into

shops and heavy American wagons have replaced the long-eared *burros* that once filled the lane. On either side of the street the balconies of the house fronts hang far over the sidewalk, and there are shaded alcoves, with rows of pillars, beneath which one walks from one shop to another.

Half-way down the street, and extending sharply away toward the country, is Burro alley, one of the oldest and narrowest paths leading about the city. Whether it be morning, noon or evening, one is sure to find in Burro alley a score and more of the animals that have given the street its name. They are so numerous, indeed, that could Copperfield's Aunt Trotwood see the place even her stout heart would fail were she to undertake ridding the alley of the pests she so abominated. There are big burros and little ones, long-haired and frowsy ones, and it seems at times as though every donkey in the city had been brought to the place for inspection and criticism. For every Mexican having goods to sell or visiting the town to purchase goods, leaves his burro in the alley. There he unpacks his goods and there he gathers his parcels together, and the sight of all the loading and unloading has in it a flavor of the Alhambra, where, as here, the donkey is the native bird and the hardest looking being that exists.

Looking at Santa Fé from any height around it there is seen a bit of enclosed ground lying in the heart of the town, which enjoys a freshness and a verdure un-

equaled by the plaza itself. The spot is the Bishop's Garden, owned by Bishop Lamy of Santa Fé. From outside the high adobe wall enclosing the garden there is not even a suggestion offered of the beauties hid within. One can only realize the charms of the place after entering the garden through the gateway that opens upon the street.

The Bishop has labored for years in beautifying and improving his few acres. In the center of them is a diminutive pond, and around this trees and flowering shrubs, which fill the air with fragrance. Shaded walks wind in and out among the orchards, and reach amid the flowers, and there are rustic seats placed beneath the shade on which one may rest while breathing the fragrant air and listening to the bells of the town calling the people to their prayers. Here, away from the present realities of the city, the Santa Fé of the past rises before one in imagination. Now, as then, there is quiet restfulness, and a suggestion of towns beyond the seas, and in the distance rise the surrounding hills and the brown towers of the churches.

But all that Santa Fé has to offer is not found within the city. Twenty miles westward lies the Rio Grande Valley, wide and fertile, and dotted with Pueblo villages, still retaining their ancient quaintness. Nearer still are cañons leading into the heart of the ranges, that have a picturesque beauty and a freshness that is delightful.

By a two days' trip one may also visit the old stone

Pueblo of Chippillo and the ruins of the Cliff Dwellings. Chippillo occupies the top of a high *mesa* in the neighborhood of San Yldefonso, and is reached by carriage from Santa Fé. It is perhaps the most interesting ruin in New Mexico. Walking up a narrow cañon formed by ledges of vari-colored rock, one climbs the cliffs to the *mesa*, and stands at last beside the town whose origin is lost in the shadows of age. As at Taos, the various houses comprising the village are piled together in a compact mass, measuring some three hundred feet from east to west and an equal number north and south. The Pueblo was originally built around a plaza containing two circular *estufas*, or council chambers, and was constructed of stones squared to the size of adobe bricks. To-day a ruin, forsaken and dismantled, the lines of the old walls may still be traced, and the ground is covered with broken pieces of pottery and bits of volcanic glass.

The Cliff Dwellings are on the opposite side from that ascended in reaching Chippillo, and consist of a score of cave-like habitations, deeply cut into the hard limestone. All show evidence of former occupation, and the towns are blackened with the smoke from fires long since gone out. In many of the caves are rudely drawn pictures of eagles, bears, horses, and men and in one is a drawing of a huge snake of hideous ugliness.

Whether Santa Fé has seen its best days or has yet to enjoy them, is a much discussed question in New

Mexico. It says no, and its rivals say yes. In reality, all depends upon chance. If paying properties are discovered in any of the neighboring ranges the city will profit from the excitement that must ensue and it may be that the town will at least be important as an agricultural centre.

But at present, matters are at a standstill. What animation there is, is due to the presence of the troops at the Fort, and the visitors of to-day are more attracted by the curiosities of the place than by its prospects. Rich with its history and traditions, quaint, old and pleasing, Santa Fé has much which is not found elsewhere, and its popularity cannot easily be taken away.

CHAPTER IV.

Into the Heart of the Southwest.

A BLUE sky overhanging vast stretches of yellow sand swept into mounds and hills, a few red-roofed houses, radiating the heat of the closing day, clumps of coarse grass, a few sage brushes, and far in the distance a line of deep-blue hills with whitened summits.

Such is the view from Wallace Station, a few miles below Santa Fé. A dreary prospect some would call it—a deserted region, void of moisture, parched, dusty and full of monotony. And so it is at first sight. Look in whatever direction one may, there will be seen the same sights. Low-browed hills, hot and dry, stunted shrubs, loose rocks, deep arroyos, distant mountain heights.

But once let the eye grow accustomed to the view, and there begins to appear a new feature in the landscape. The far-off mountains, their peaks battling with the clouds, the foot-hills, covered with dense forests, the Rio Grande Valley, broad and haze-obscured, the nearer mounds, with steep cliffs and rock-strewn crests, all have a wealth of coloring which is indescribably beautiful, and which varies with almost every hour of the day. If the time be that in which the sun

is sinking out of sight behind the hills, the sky above is all suffused with red, and quivering arrows of light leap upward toward the zenith, while the sand dunes and the dry parched cliffs are dyed a deeper red, and are softened and subdued until they become almost exquisite. Even the sage-brush and grasses grow colored then, while the country all about seems hushed and quieted and less full of ugly glariness than it did when the light of noon was upon the scene.

Wallace is a sleepy town, but it is far from being an unimportant one. Its business is small, so far as its retail trade is concerned, but from it there are shipped tons and tons of ore, and large herds of cattle, which are raised in and about the immediate vicinity. The country lying east and west, is of unusual richness, and scattered over the land, which looks at first sight so barren, are almost countless valleys, fertile and secluded, which contain towns and ranches, adding most materially to the wealth of New Mexico. Some of the richest mines in the Territory are located within from twenty to fifty miles of Wallace, and the little town for years has been a busy centre.

A few minutes' walk down the Rio Grande Valley from Wallace brings one to the Indian pueblo of Santo Domingo, one of the best preserved of the many villages scattered along the banks of the river.

Santo Domingo saw its first European visitor in 1540, when Coronado discovered it. Since that time it has changed but little. Old roofs have crumbled away

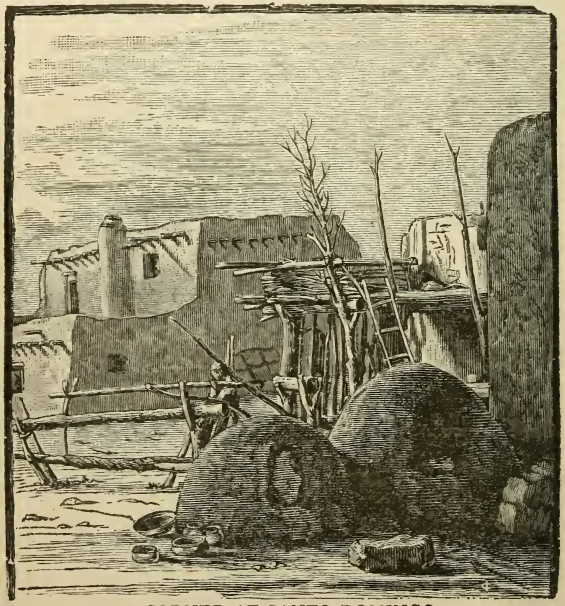
perhaps, and ladders have fallen to pieces and been replaced by new ones, but the town, in spite of its stains and scars, does not look materially different than when it was centuries younger, and, judging from the past, it will not be likely to change greatly in the future if the Americans leave it, as it has so long been left, to bask in the sunlight down the river side.

The houses of Santo Domingo are not as irregularly arranged as at Taos, though made of the same material. There is less angularity at Domingo and fewer ladders, while the people in a measure have discarded trap-door entrances and adopted modern doorways and windows. Still the village is but a collection of rudely made huts, grouped disconnectedly about a common plaza, and occupying a sandy bluff that overlooks the Rio Grande.

At one end of the town, and standing apart from the houses, is the church of Santo Domingo, built by the Spaniards, and still containing bits of Spanish decoration. Time has dealt the building strong, hard blows during the time it has stood on the red-tinged bank, and to-day the belfry, with its wooden crossbar holding a bell, and the heavy wooden doors leading to the interior, are cracked and time-stained, while the wall enclosing the little square in front of the church is rapidly crumbling into ruins.

An artist searching for contrasts in colors and picturesqueness, would find both at Santo Domingo. Not only are the houses interesting, with their quaint style

of architecture, but the people are picturesquely attired and the life they lead is that of centuries ago, when New Mexico was a *terra incognita*, and the forefathers of the Indians were the only inhabitants.



A CORNER AT SANTO DOMINGO.

One sees dark, swarthy faces gleaming beneath thick tresses of coarse, black hair, cut square across the forehead, rows of white teeth set in large, full-lipped mouths, magnificent eyes, laughing or serious, full,

rounded busts among the women and broad chests among the men.

Noticing the beauty of these fat, rounded people, one naturally, if he is a man, turns his eyes first to the women, and once turned upon them, the men of the tribe might be as ugly as sin and as fierce as his satanic majesty, but he would gaze until the object looked at moved away. For a girl of Santo Domingo is as pretty as a picture. Brown as a berry, eyes dark and languid, hands and feet small, ankle well-shaped and liberally displayed, shoulder round and peeking out of the calico waist that ends just below the arm, pearly teeth, black hair, pretty laugh, saucy, flirty, and yet demure. Where is the man who would not fall in love for half an hour, or until that time, at least, when he noticed that his adored one wore no shoes, that her dress was soiled, that she could not write, that she had to work, that she was an Indian squaw. But she is a modern Rebecca at the well, and, like her model, she lives in a hot country, and wears few clothes, and loves to linger and to gossip.

With wants that are as simple as those of a child, the inhabitants of Santo Domingo are, nevertheless, well-to-do, and their farms are among the largest and best in the Rio Grande Valley. Not at all versed in manufacturing, themselves, they trade once a year with the Navajos and the Zuni for the blankets and trinkets which the latter make, and give in exchange the fruit and corn and sheep which they have raised.

A man has but one wife, who labors for him, but who is protected, and the people are quiet and unassuming. To a stranger the bared forms met with at the village may seem to imply immodesty. Women are often but scantily clothed, and the younger children play in the sands with no other covering than that which nature has given them. But whatever is natural does not appear immodest to these ancient dwellers in the warm, winterless climate, and mothers nurse their children in public without a thought of its being a proceeding intended for the home alone.

With civilization pressing upon them, the Domingoans are still primitive. Devoted Catholics, they do not forget their mythological creeds, and to them Montezuma is a reality. During the proper seasons men work industriously in the fields, irrigating the soil, plowing, planting and gathering the harvests, and on appointed days parties are formed to scour the country for game. The bow and arrow are still used, and the boys are expert throwers of a rudely made club with which they strike down their prey.

South of Wallace are several smaller pueblos nestling beside the Rio Grande, and farms lie on both sides of the railroad track, and convert the otherwise barren valley into a garden of exceeding freshness. In the spring, lands are plowed with the old-fashioned Mexican plow, drawn by a half-dozen yoke of oxen. In the fall, the fields are yellow with ripened grain, and the harvesters are busy gathering the cereals into

lumbering carts. But whether sowing or reaping, the workers and the wide stretches of level land, hemmed in by hills and high mountains, and watered by the river, lend a pastoral beauty to the scene and remind one of Acadian meadows.

Harvesting is an especially happy season. Crops are gathered by the old and young, thanks are offered in the churches, and the last load is followed by a triumphal party from field to granary. The festivities of the day extend far into the night. Fires are lighted, songs are sung, and dances indulged in, and the otherwise sedate dwellers in the adobe houses act like children, tickled with a toy, who must express their joy or go mad.

At Albuquerque, a few miles south of Wallace, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad branches westward from the Atchison, across Northern Arizona to Mojave in California. The line has been completed but a short time, yet it is already a favorite route to the Pacific. It passes through many interesting sections of Arizona, and within six miles of the Colorado River cañon, one of the deepest and widest gorges that the river traverses. The dark walls of rock rise six thousand feet above the boiling stream, and the place is filled with weird lights suggestive of Rembrandt.

From Peach Springs a wagon trail leads northward to the cañon. Climbing low, rock-strewn ridges and winding around the bold headlands, marking an epoch of wild upheaval, one descends at last to the level of the

yellowish stream that gallops out of darkness and bounds away into fitful shadows. The spot is sombre and weird—a gateway to infernal regions. High above hang the darkened cliffs, untouched by sunlight, bare and drear. Rumblings, long and loud, fill the sunless chasm, and past one rushes the river, seething as it goes and full of angry whirlpools and flecked with foam.

The Colorado is formed by the Grand and Green rivers, rising respectively in Wyoming and Colorado. For a distance of three hundred miles it runs through a cañon varying in depth from 3000 to 6000 feet. Not merely along the stream itself is there this abruptly descending gulf, but hundreds of lateral cañons, some furnishing tributary waters to the great river, and others perfectly dry, interlace the level lands for miles.

The country through which the Colorado passes is in the main level, though occasionally low mountain ranges border or run across it. Mountains are formed below the common surface of the earth, with their bases three, and even six thousand feet beneath, so that the whole order of mountain scenery is reversed. In looking over the face of the country one imagines it to be prairie. A mile further on and he finds himself on the top of a mountain, beyond which are a succession of mountain ranges, and thousands of feet below streams of water, drawn like ribbons of steel through the solid rocks. The country is not cut into even, angular blocks with perfectly upright walls, but

by erosion, and the wear of the elements, the underground peaks have taken the most unique shapes, representing every conceivable architectural design, and resembling cities grander than was ever conceived by the ingenuity of man. The effect is greatly heightened by the brilliant colors that nearly all these rocks display, varying from brilliant scarlet to the purest marble white.

The present route of the Atlantic and Pacific, defined by the topography of the country, was not known to the Spanish explorers. They, in coming north by way of Sonora, on the Gulf of California, followed the valleys of the Yaqui and Gila Rivers, passed near the Indian village of Zuni, and reached the Rio Grande below Albuquerque. Even as late as 1846, General Kearney, marching to the conquest of California, followed the Rio Grande as far south as San Marcial, and worked over to the Gila River; while his quartermaster, Captain Cook, took his trail farther south, going by Tucson.

After military affairs had culminated in the Pacific State, Lieutenant Beale was intrusted with dispatches for Washington. With a trusty guide, said to have been Kit Carson, he marched eastward by the Mojave River Valley, crossed the Colorado near Fort Mojave, and, feeling his way through valleys and ravines, passed north of Williams' Mountains, then south of the San Francisco range, and reached the Valley of the Little Colorado, near the present town of Winston. From

there the Puerco Valley was but a natural course to take, as it led to Coolidge and Laguna, which were within easy reach of the Santa Fé trail.

Lieutenant Beale was so deeply impressed with the favorable condition of the route he had traversed, as an overland road to California, that he applied to Congress for an appropriation to open a wagon road from Albuquerque to Los Angeles. He was successful, and laid out what soon became well known as "Beale's wagon road." In 1833–5, when a survey for Pacific roads was made under Lieutenant Whipple, the line approached the Rio Grande Valley past Santo Domingo, and from Albuquerque followed Beale's road to Laguna, reaching the Little Colorado by way of Zuni.

In 1866 a national charter was granted the Atlantic Pacific, but no surveys were made until 1867, when General W. J. Palmer made a survey westward from the Rio Grande River, with the idea of building an extension of the Kansas Pacific road. The plan was abandoned, however. In 1880, work was begun again, and the road was completed under the direction of the present General Manager. In 1883 nearly 600 miles were in operation, and in 1884 the Colorado river was crossed and a new trans-continental line established. During the present fall (1884) the Mojave division of the Southern Pacific was bought, giving a through line from the Missouri to San Francisco.

Western New Mexico and Northern Arizona are pic-

turesque portions of the southwest. Cut into valleys, or elevated table lands, by heavily wooded mountains they contain many ancient *pueblos* inhabited by curious people, whose villages ante-date the advent of the earliest explorers. Still clinging to their primitive customs, the pueblo Indians have abandoned whatever predilections they may have entertained for war, and to-day are a pastoral people.

Laguna, sixty miles west from Albuquerque, is one of the largest pueblos, and is built on the crest of a high rock overlooking a narrow valley. Near it is Acoma, also located high above the surrounding country, and reached by a narrow, winding trail that follows a natural crevice of the rock. Standing within this fortified village of curiously constructed houses one looks down upon a vari-colored valley, and far away to distant mountain heights, with wooded slopes and snowy peaks. The neighboring rocks, bright red and yellow and silvery gray, lie tossed in wild confusion and are suggestive of huge castles and stately towers. The view is extended, varied and beautiful, a revelation to first observers, and ever attractive to those acquainted with its charms.

North of Wingate station is the Navajo reservation. The Navajos belong to the Apache nation, and are an intelligent and industrious people. Formerly on the war-path and a terror to all neighbors, they have lately made rapid progress toward civilization, and to-day number about 15,000 and own considerable property.

They live in huts, made of boughs and earth, and are ingenious manufacturers of rugs and blankets of native wool, dyed with brilliant colors. Their goods are famous for durability and imperviousness to water.

The Zuni village, near the Navajo, has attained national prominence lately through Mr. Cushing, who has lived among the people and described at length their peculiar modes of life and the strange aspects of the town.

The Moqui Indians, whose village lies near that of Zuni and Navajo, are the only people able to decipher the inscriptions on ancient pottery or the hieroglyphics on the cliffs. Still occupying the same houses in which they were found by the Spaniards, they cling tenaciously to their primitive customs, and lead an interesting though prosaic existence. The pueblo is built on a rocky *mesa* that lies six hundred feet above the valley, and the houses are made of rough stones plastered with mud, and extending in terraces around a central plaza. Like their neighbors, the Moquis, they are expert manufacturers of blankets and pottery, and have accumulated considerable wealth, represented by sheep and cattle.

Of the prehistoric dwellings in Northern Arizona those found in the cliffs that border waterless cañons, and in lava cones, are the most interesting and curious. Eight miles from Flagstaff a mountain of lava, rising to a height of some six hundred feet, contains a succession of cells that were evidently occupied in some past

age. The dwellings usually consist of three or four apartments, entered through a hole barely large enough to admit a single person. The first chamber is the largest of the suite and the only one that is lighted. From it narrow openings lead into other rooms, floored with dust, in which are buried Indian implements of stone. The mountain is honeycombed with apartments, and is surmounted by a wall bearing strong resemblance to a fortification, and which was possibly a Spanish defence during the visit of the explorers.

Flagstaff is also in near proximity to several cliff dwellings built in the solid walls of a cañon. Though tenantless to-day the huts are still well preserved, and contain many relics of the former inhabitants. There are several cañons in Arizona containing these prehistoric homes, and their presence has caused much discussion. That they formerly stood beside deep rivers seems certain from the strata of the cañons' rock, which everywhere exhibits the mark of water. That they were inhabited by a people familiar with many arts is evinced by the presence of pottery, bits of cloth and matting found buried in the dust of the floors.

The cañon near Flagstaff is deep and dry. The walls are of sandstone, irregularly stratified near the bottom, but which are traversed higher up by continuous lines of open, horizontal fissures that are some ten feet wide at their mouth and extend fifteen feet into the cliff. At the outer edge of the overhanging rock stone walls have been built, closing the aperture, and division

walls that separate the enclosed space into a series of rooms. The apartments resemble mud-swallow nests and are almost inaccessible. The entrances are small and open upon narrow ledges. Crawling into these dark abodes, that stand so silently amid their wild surroundings, one questions who the builders were and why they fled their homes. He who shall tell the story will have a curious tale.

Nature has played curious tricks with Arizona. Fresh and beautiful here, it is dry and deserted there. At one moment in the midst of dense forests, one at another stands where there are mounds of lava and oddly-fashioned rocks. But at all times the coloring is brilliant. Red-tinged boulders rest in wastes of yellow sand; snowy peaks rise high above dark green forests; grasses are silvery gray; cañon walls are vari-hued; the sky is blue, the air soft and yet invigorating. There is a medley of the old and new. Prehistoric huts stand beside ancient villages, which in turn are crowded by modern houses of the late invaders.

A few miles south of Holbrook is a petrified forest. It covers nearly 2000 acres, and every tree and shrub is hardened into stone. A killing hand has struck the region. Huge trunks, turned to solid rock, lie upon the ground or rest one upon the other. Tender twigs and leaves and fallen bits of bark are lifeless. The spot is weird and wild. Birds were frozen as they flew, animals as they ran. The transformation was sudden and complete.

The trees are of various wood, and the bark and grain are well preserved. When broken the trunks present a brilliant crystalline appearance, and many are agatized. Cut and polished, the wood is highly colored and the grain distinctly seen. Some of the trees are hollow and filled with purest crystals, varying from white to richest amethyst in color, while others are solid and often measure a hundred feet in length. One log of solid petrifaction that has fallen across a cañon is 100 feet in length and five feet in thickness, and forms a natural bridge across the deep ravine. Beneath the ground are giant trunks weighing many tons, and the forest is filled with petrifactions.

Below Albuquerque the Rio Grande Valley extends nearly due southward for two hundred miles, then eastward eighty miles to El Paso, in Northwestern Texas. Never, until nearing the end of its long course, a deep stream, the Rio Grande waters an extended area of country, and sections of its valley, lying between El Paso and Albuquerque, have been cultivated for centuries. The soil is composed of silicious matter, and the muddy waters are carried by irrigating ditches over the low-lying fields. The river is the Nile of the southwest, furnishing a rich supply of fertilizing ingredients and often overflowing its banks

Albuquerque is on the dividing line between the grazing fields and the mineral regions of New Mexico. Beyond it the Rio Grande extends through a mass of mountains which have yielded and continue to yield large amounts of precious metals.

The country, unfortunately, enjoyed a few years ago an excitement unwarranted by developments, and at present is comparatively dull. From 1878 to 1882 new and valuable discoveries were made so frequently that great expectations arose. Towns sprang into existence without reason, and property commanded prices past all real value. To-day business has become more equalized, and values more properly apportioned. The excitement is over, but development continues. With the present amount of knowledge regarding the actual wealth existing one cannot begin to foretell the future of the region. Prospecting has been but desultory. A comparatively limited area has been examined. Mines not proving bonanzas at once have been passed by. Capital has sought large returns rather than sure ones. There has been too much speculation and not enough patience; too many swindles and too little honesty.

But Southern New Mexico is only seemingly dead. It is still plodding toward certain wealth. Metropoli have settled into towns and cities have realized they are but villages. There is more systematic mining at present than ever before. The next noteworthy advancements will be more lasting because better warranted. The metals are in the ranges, and it is only a question of time when they shall be discovered.

And when the country attains the position its natural wealth entitles it to the Rio Grande Valley, and the level lands bordering smaller streams, will prove their power to produce. Already they are being cultivated,

and the climate and soil insure a rich and abundant growth. Fruit trees and vines especially thrive. The grape-growing belt extends in the Rio Grande Valley from Bernalillo County, around Wallace, to the Texas line, at El Paso. In it are thousands of arable acres. It is a natural garden, watered, protected and level.

Practically knowing no winter, for snow is rarely seen in it, the valley is never bare or dreary. In early spring the grasses cover the confining hills, the river is full of swiftly moving waters, and the air is laden with the perfume of blossoming fruit trees. Above the blue of distant heights lie banks of pure white snow; the fields are being tilled; Lower New Mexico is at its best. Vast, boldly outlined, filled with strange sights and peculiar people, it appeals strongly to the imagination. There is a picture of gradual development. Hitherto neglected fields are being reclaimed; modern styled houses stand beside ancient adobe ones; red-blanketed Indians mingle with the strangers who have entered their native country. The old is not obliterated, but remains to lend emphasis to the new.

Turning sharply eastward, near Rincon, the Rio Grande escapes from its narrower valley and enters a level country, containing the towns of Las Cruces and Messilla. The villages are old and built mostly of adobe. With a mixed population of Mexicans and Americans, they stand in the center of a rich agricultural section, surrounded by low-browed hills, and in the midst of vineyards and orchards. There are 200,000

acres of grape land in the valleys, and the Mission grape is grown in large quantities. Land is valued at from $5 to $2000 per acre, as it is improved or unimproved, and the popular belief is that five acres put in vineyards, and properly cultivated, will yield a revenue sufficient to support a family.

The Mission grape vine was introduced into New Mexico by the Franciscan Fathers. It still flourishes in California, and around Las Cruces is particularly prevalent, and affords a delicious fruit and a wine of excellent quality. From the town the vineyards stretch far away toward the hills, and remind one of scenes along the Rhine, where green leaves half hide the juicy fruits.

The method of growing grapes in New Mexico is purely local. The vineyards are usually started from cuttings, though a few growers use trenches until the root is well started. During the first three years attention is mainly directed to giving strength to the trunk, so that staking or trellising need not be required. All superfluous growth is continually cut away, the trunk and a few short branches only being allowed to remain. This throws all the strength and nourishment into the body of the plant, so that in a few years it is thick and stout, closely resembling a dwarf tree.

When the cutting is first set out, the soil is closely packed about it, and the water from the irrigating ditch turned on. Nothing is done the first year except to keep the plant well watered and clear the vineyard of

weeds. In November it is covered with dirt and straw. The time for uncovering varies with different growers, some commencing as early as the middle of February, while others wait until April. After the lapse of from ten days to a month the plant is trimmed, and the process of the previous year repeated.

But few grapes will be produced until the third season, but the labor of the cultivator is increased each succeeding year in removing the weeds and suckers, staking where needed, trimming, covering and uncovering. After the fourth year the vines will be loaded with grapes.

Every vine of Las Cruces is estimated to yield from two to three gallons of wine, worth usually one dollar per gallon. By planting them eight feet apart each way, there would be 680 vines to the acre, which should yield 1360 gallons. Every year sees an increased number of acres planted, and it is proposed to settle the valley with colonists. The soil and climate are particularly favorable, and the region has an abundant supply of water.

CHAPTER V.

A Mexican Metropolis.

WITH its gardens overlooking the yellow waters of the Rio Grande, and bordering the banks of that shallow stream for a distance of six miles below the dividing line of Texas and New Mexico, stands the little town of El Paso del Norte. Snugly ensconced at the gateway opening into old Mexico, and enjoying the dual reputation of being very old and picturesque, it offers little evidence of its existence, but hides beneath the cottonwood trees, as though fearful of discovery.

Even from El Paso, a modern village created by the railways, Del Norte, though only across the river, still refuses to disclose itself, and the only object suggesting its existence is the whitewashed tower of a cathedral that rises above the tree-tops and stands closely outlined against the distant hills. Beyond it stretch the sandy levels of old Mexico, dotted with coarse grasses, while between it and El Paso runs the Rio Grande.

Were it not for the groves of Del Norte, the country around the gateway to Mexico would have but little attractiveness. But they relieve the monotony of sandy plains and the dull covering of the surrounding hills, and are as refreshing as oases in the desert. Look-

ing at them, one grows impatient to cross the river to their cool shade and to the narrow streets bordered by rows of adobe houses, which lead about the city.

El Paso del Norte will very likely never be larger than it is to-day. The town will be slow to alter its settled ways of living, or to adopt the new ideas introduced by that civilization which has pressed down upon it with the advent of the railways. Simple, unambitious and pretty, it is now, and probably ever will be, the home of contented people, living in and for their gardens, and heedless of the new and larger towns springing up around them. El Paso will become a metropolis before Del Norte has a thousand people added to its population; but still the new arrival will not cease to look to its neighbor for fruits and vegetables. Del Norte, in fact, will continue to be what it is to-day, the park, garden and suburb of El Paso.

A resident of Del Norte has profound contempt for El Paso. The new town to him is an interloper, a *parvenu*, a bubble blown into existence by railways. According to his idea, El Paso is a place of worry and undue haste, where there is no sweet *siesta* to break the monotony of the day. Del Norte is not jealous of El Paso's growth, but pities rather than envies, seeing but little in the new town to admire, and wondering, in a dull sort of way, why the place has come at all, and what its future is to be.

Before the *Americanos* came, Del Norte was idealic

and individual. Its people knew nothing beyond fête days and an occasional bull-fight, and saw but few strangers. Now the new-comers have introduced a horse-car line into the town, and built stations and a railway bridge over the river, and have made overtures to buy gardens that were legacies for years.

And yet it is rather sad to notice the alteration that is forced upon the old city. It seems a pity to force a change upon it or allow an upstart rival to overpower and eclipse it. Forgetting business, and the fact that progress must be made in this, the century of advancement, one cannot but wish that the old might have staid a little longer, and that quaint cities—American Nurembergs, as we may call them—might have retained their primitiveness and been safe from horse-car invasions and modern implements. But regrets are useless, and the old must be displaced by the new, and Del Norte is not alone among the cities that our railways are reconstructing and changing beyond all recognition.

El Paso has grown too rapidly to be attractive. It resembles an overgrown boy, strong and vigorous, but loosely put together. With a population of 5,000 people, whose advent has been within the past three years, the city is a busy railway centre, and devoted to making money. At it the Atchison road ends and the Mexican Central begins. The meeting place of such highways insures present and future importance. If business between the two republics increases, El Paso

will be benefited accordingly. It is a natural centralizer, the fact being attested by the large wholesale houses that are present, and by the banks which have been opened.

The climate is generally salubrious, though at times the clear days are made the reverse by sand storms generated in the vicinity. There is a mixed population at present, and Spanish signs are as plentiful as English. But with the foreign aspects there exist sufficient Americanisms, and the people are western to the core, energetic and wide awake. They have transformed the original village, and by their tireless energy are likely to make El Paso a city of wealth and importance.

One likes and dislikes El Paso. But if it irritates at times with its freshness, the town across the river never does. Del Norte is a healing balsam to the blister of El Paso. One goes there and rests because the place is restful. As George Sand would say, the perfume of the flowers penetrates the mind as well as the bodily organ. There is not much to see in the way of historical buildings, but there are cool *placitas* and shaded streets, and flowers without limit that climb over the walls and fill deep-set windows and trail over ancient doorways.

Leaving El Paso and crossing the river, either by the boat, still pushed from shore to shore by a swarthy-faced Mexican, or by the bridge, which spans the current, one steps upon Mexican soil and into the quiet of Del Norte at the same time. Wandering up a long,

narrow street, dusty, unpaved, and lined with adobe houses, the way leads at last into the center of the town and to the plaza and cathedral. Yet even here there is general listlessness. Beneath the trees of the little square, around which are the shops of the city, a few people are assembled, and in the doorways men sit with a wistful innocence that their after extortions in trade belie.

In its early days the plaza was lively enough, however. Then wide, stone seats were scattered about it, and tables, loaded with fruits and drink, were set beneath the trees. There people gathered to do their daily marketing, and there on fête days the showy pageants of the church were held. But to-day the benches are gone, and the people go across the river to sell and purchase goods, and the square has drawn into its shell, like a snail, and gives but little sign of life. Yet the cathedral remains, stately as of old, and holding in its high tower a trio of bells of Spanish brass, and to the open doorway, facing the square, worshipers continue to wander.

The first mission at Del Norte was established in 1585 by Padre Ruiz, one of the Franciscan monks. Later, the colony was presided over by Oñate. The cathedral was finished a little over a century ago, and while its whitened, adobe walls are time-stained, they are still strong, and the interior is full of deep shadows. Overhead, the carved beams are stained dark with age, and birds have built their nests among them, while the

heavy doors, swinging on their huge Spanish hinges, are scarred and cracked. In the chapel are heavily bound books of parchment, filled with the writings of long-dead *padres*, as legible to-day as a hundred years ago, and banners of gold and velvet, brought to the cathedral by the fathers who have "gone on before."

Before leaving Del Norte, after wandering about its gardens, where men and women are at work tending the vegetables, and where there are thatched-roofed cottages, with doves fluttering around them, and vistas of green trees, brown walls and bright flowers, one should go to the cathedral tower. Climbing the creaking stairway that leads into the airy belfry, and standing beneath the old bells hung by thongs of hide to heavy beams above, Del Norte is spread out at one's feet, and down the wide valley, full of ever-changing colors, runs the Rio Grande toward its distant sea. There reach the pointed mountains, haze-obscured and grand; there lie the sandy wastes, making an inland sea. There is a wealth of coloring—the brown walls of the town, the white-faced cottages, the brilliant flowers, the green gardens, the blue-tinged peaks and the yellow plains. Behind the church appear the barracks of the city and a dreary prison, while across the Rio Grande, El Paso rises into sight, its frame houses and red-brick blocks manifesting the new life that has so lately crowded down upon the city of Del Norte, embowered in trees, nestling beside the great river of the north.

Looking southward into old Mexico from El Paso

del Norte, there is given little evidence of that wealth which has tempted railways into the Republic. Away from the Rio Grande, the State of Chihuahua, down which the Mexican Central extends to the City of Mexico, is dry and unattractive. Far as the eye can see, a mass of yellow sand lies glistening in the strong sunlight, tossed into rills and billows by the winds that sweep over the region, and as devoid of trees as the Desert of Sahara. Once among the low-lying dunes, rolling about one like the waves of an ocean, the cottonwoods of Del Norte form the only exception to the monotonous coloring. For eighty miles the railway pursues its uninteresting course. One escapes from civilization to a desert.

Chihuahua contains 100,000 square miles of territory and has a population of 200,000. Naturally one of the richest states in the Republic, having valuable gold, silver, copper and iron mines, its grazing area supports thousands of cattle, and many of the towns are large and important. Beyond the sandy portions of the State, occupying its northeastern limits, the arable country is encountered. Watered by rivers and small lakes, and guarded on the west by the Sierra Madre Mountains, it is divided into extended ranches, and is literally covered with cattle.

Nor is the State without its scenic attractions. Once away from the sands, the Mexican Central, closely following the old wagon road between El Paso and Chihuahua, enters an elevated valley, formed by

the Sierra Madre on the one side, and a range of low-lying hills on the other. Here grasses are encountered and *haciendas* passed, having strong resemblance, with their houses and huge corrals, to thriving towns. Before one stretches the valley, mountain-guarded, and seemingly without limit, while around are the blue and brown Sierras, cut into fantastic shapes and penetrated by gloomy cañons.

The region is delightfully fresh and cool. At the various stations, broad-hatted Mexicans peer into the windows of one's car, or are seated on their little mustangs, keeping guard over their grazing herds. For nearly two hundred miles, and until the Chihuahua house-tops become visible, only the grassy plains are present. The valley is a wide, long field, green in spring-time, brown in summer. A few years ago far removed from civilization, and the scene of many an Apache raid, it to-day is on the highway leading through Central Mexico, from republic to republic.

Evening shadows filled the valley when we approached Chihuahua. In the distance, the mountain ranges loomed against the star-lit sky. Out in the fields, scattered camp-fires gleamed brightly through the gathering darkness. Later on, adobe huts, lighted by pines burning on open hearths, lined the road, and beyond them, gathered upon a mountain side, shone the star-like lights of Chihuahua.

Leaving the train, and boarding an American omnibus, we drove across a shallow creek, past scattered

houses, and into long, narrow streets, lined with adobe walls or flat-roofed houses, to a brilliantly lighted square lying in the heart of the city. Greeted in Spanish, paying *reals* and *pesos*, looking upon a plaza that had not yet been Americanized, we realized that we were in a foreign country, amid strange sights and lands. The introduction, with its attendant lights and music, was satisfactory. Mexico did not, for the moment at least, belie its reputation. It was quaint, curious and fascinating.

Visit Chihuahua only for a day, and one will believe that the city consists of a cathedral, a plaza and a succession of narrow streets, that radiate in every direction, from the church. For the cathedral is proportionately larger than the city, and overpowers it, and one never loses sight of the towers. As for the plaza, it is omnipresent, too, for at it every street begins, and in it is whatever life there is in the city. Regarding the streets, they are narrow, diminutive and numerous, and form a veritable network over the town, and are ever entertaining, with their burros, shops, oddly-dressed people and candy-stands, presided over by gray and wrinkled matrons, selling sweets for copper *tlacos*.

The situation of Chihuahua is commanding. In front of it runs the valley of the Rio Conchos, winding past a range of bluish mountains, and behind the town are other hills, with brown-hued sides. The ranges are bare of trees, but in the valley, cottonwoods

line the banks of the river, and green groves cluster about white-walled cottages. Away in one direction, toward the north, the valley extends far as the eye can see, but in the south, mountains of varying height and form lie heaped together in wild disorder.

CATHEDRAL TOWERS.

Free of clouds a greater portion of the year, the sky over Chihuahua is clear and blue, and is filled during the day with a warm, bright sunlight that floods the valley and throws long shadows on the mountain sides; and

at night the stars shining in it are as brilliant as choice gems. Robbed of its other attractions, but retaining the climate of its table lands, Mexico would never want admirers. At the same elevation which the City of Mexico and Chihuahua enjoy—5000 to 7000 feet above sea level—the air is warm but bracing, and the breezes ever dry and yet refreshing. Existence is a pleasure. All nature is brightened, and colors intensified. There is invigoration without excitement; the warm sensuousness of the south with the vitality of the north.

Chihuahua is interesting, not because of its age, although founded in 1604, but rather from its close resemblance to Spanish cities, and because of the life existing in it. Whatever its appearance was in 1604, it to-day is Spanish in construction, and the language of that country is heard upon the streets. During the power of Spain Chihuahua expanded, but did nothing after the Spaniards left. It had no ambition, apparently, and was satisfied with itself and with the world. The result of this apathy is now apparent. The town is ancient far beyond its years. More than two centuries old, parts of it appear still older. There is antiquity written everywhere. Even the aqueducts, which the Spaniards built into the valley to supply the town with water, do not seem much younger than those of Rome, and as for the cathedral and the old walls protecting the various gardens, they are time-stained, crumbling and antiquated.

It is a relief to find so much mellowness. Santa Fé introduced the liking for the old, and Chihuahua whets the appetite. Did one not know the city existed in Mexico, he might easily believe it to be in Europe. There are the same vine-clad walls and flower-choked gardens and quaint balconies; and the people dress, speak and live much as do their cousins whom we cross an ocean to visit.

A stranger perhaps will not be greatly impressed with Chihuahua at first sight. It does not reveal the whole of itself at once. Like Venice, it has to be known intimately. The plaza is the Grand Canal in attractiveness; but the plaza is not all there is. If he knows where to seek, one may find many a by-path that has a picturesqueness all its own, and many a quiet garden where fountains are splashing, and cool, wide balconies look down upon sweet-smelling flowers.

In such retreats the foreign flavor predominates. They are fragments of the Old World, washed across the Atlantic to the table-lands of Mexico. Leave the street, pass through a doorway, leading beneath an adobe arch, and one finds the garden, cool, fragrant and restful. Children with big, black eyes are playing on the well-swept walks; a *señorita* is busy with her guitar; doves are cooing on their nests under the balcony; the fountain jets upward from the plants around it to the sunlight that falls over the *casa*. Above is the deep-blue sky; around one, the winter roses. Cold and barren in the north, it is summer and sunshine

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here. Windows are open in January; birds are ever present.

Nor is one's pleasure in Chihuahua marred by guides. There are no set rules of procedure. One may wander where he will. There is the Alameda, with its double row of trees and twin streams of water, leading from the city to the country; the church of Guadalupe, with whitened walls and dome, from which the city is visible, and around which lie the farms; the aqueduct, still bringing water from the river to town, and through whose arches appear the cathedral towers or the dome of San Francisco; and the climb to distant hill-tops, with their view of the valley and distant heights of Central Mexico. There is little that is grand, but much that is picturesque and novel. Adobe supplants marble and granite, but the designs are good, and time has colored all things harmoniously.

Day is ushered into Chihuahua by the clanging of the cathedral bells. Coming with early risers, on their way to mass, to the plaza, one finds the city all astir. Across the little square hurry a promiscuous throng. There a *ranchero*, early into town with his load of fruit, moves bareheaded to the church, greasy, but devout; and at his side walks a *señora*, her dress sweeping behind, and the graceful mantilla covering her head. The rich or the poor, the *peon*, the Indian, the merchant, and the beggar obey the summons of the bell. Men leave their *burros* and hurry to their prayers; the sweeper drops his broom to pray. Caste is forgotten.

The day has begun, and during mass the ragged and the richly clothed are gathered together.

There are three places in Chihuahua which soon become favorite haunts — the market, the cathedral, and the plaza. All are within short distance of each other, and in them centres the life of the town. The market is open from early morning until late at night, and, except at noon, when every Mexican takes his *siesta*, the multitudinous wares are lustily called and eagerly offered for sale by cigarette-smoking proprietors squatting on bits of matting spread beside their goods.

The market place is an enclosure formed by four whitewashed walls, and is entered from the street through arched doorways. Outside the walls, filled with diminutive booths, stand rows of patient *burros*, their heads obstructing the narrow sidewalk, and their bodies filling the street. Quaint beasts of burden they are, these donkeys, browsy-coated, prone to deceit, patient amid all their hardships. Every Mexican owns one, every city is filled with them. Sure-footed and strong, they march into town at daybreak loaded with produce, and stand all day blinking in the hot sunshine, fully satisfied with the thought of eating.

Passing through one of the arched entrances the market proper is reached. The place is a second Bedlam. In every direction are heaped the goods—pottery and onions, cigars and cabbages, cheap fruits and cheaper jewelry, fowl and beans. Harsh and shrill voices are heard on every side; packing and unpack-

ing is going briskly on; *tlacos* are jingling; women and boys are eating, sorting, laughing, busily engaged about the minor details of their work. Confusion reigns. Every one is alert for trade. Gay colors, dark faces, brilliant eyes, supple forms, and flowers of every hue abound.

And yet one cannot repress a feeling of sadness as he looks upon the scene. The purchases are so small; all buy so carefully; every *tlaco* is counted before it leaves the owner. Pitiful allowances of food are taken home by the *señoras*—a half-dozen potatoes, a handful of onions, an ounce of beef! Goodness knows how body and soul are kept together, and yet the one pleasure that the people have is going to market, and the fact of there being old men and women in Mexico proves that some of our fellow creatures, at least, can live upon less than would satisfy any class outside that found in Cairo or on the banks of the Nile.

The cathedral is not only the most conspicuous building in Chihuahua, but is the largest and most celebrated. The architecture is decidedly Moorish, and the church, finished a century ago, is a fine old specimen of adobe and stucco. It stands facing the plaza and the façade, bordered on either side by two high towers, is covered with carvings and filled with niches holding time-scarred images of the twelve Apostles. Over the doorway is an illuminated clock with a dull-sounding bell, on which the hours and quarter-hours are struck throughout the day, and in the towers,

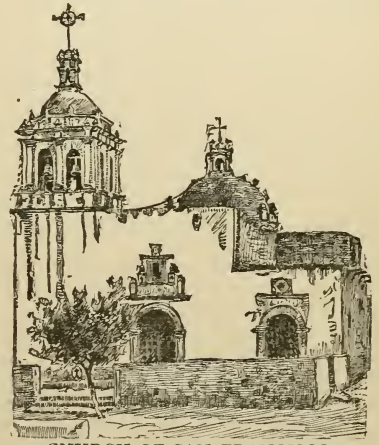
tapering gradually to carved crosses, hang half a dozen bells, which call worshipers to church, or give loud peals on fête days. During Maximilian's attack on the city a cannon ball went through one of the bells for a pastime, somewhat destroying its tone, but the others are as sound to-day as when the Spaniards hung them in their places a hundred years ago.

There are three entrances to the church—one broad and high, facing the plaza, and the others on the sides of the building. All have heavy oaken doors, vying now with the stucco work around them in fantastic but sadly soiled carvings. Back of the towers is a lightly constructed dome, surmounted by a dilapidated weather vane. Time has dealt no gentle blows upon the venerable pile. It has nipped the noses and plucked the ears off of many a statue in the dusty niches, turned the stucco yellow, eaten holes in the wooden work, and chipped the pillars and cornices. The church is dirty, too. Long, dark stains extend down the façade and circle about the towers, and the interior is as musty as a disused chest.

And yet the interior has its charm. Somber shadows linger there, uncertain rays of light stream through the small and deep-set windows upon the cold stone floor. Birds have built their nests in the dome and flutter from it about the altar beneath, and the roof is high-vaulted and shadowy. The design apparently was elaborate, but lack of funds interfered with its conception. There is great attempt, but little execution.

The decorations of the altar are tawdry, the floor bare and uneven, and yet the church is the idol of the people, and masses are religiously attended.

The Chihuahua plaza is unique. Set in the heart of the city, guarded upon one side by the cathedral, on another by the city hall, and elsewhere by flat-roofed houses, with cool arcades extending along their fronts, it has a fountain in its center, paths leading about it, benches beneath the trees and flowers everywhere.



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It is a miniature park, neat and pretty, the lounging-place by day, the center of attraction at night, when the band plays there and lights flash through the trees and upon the waters of the fountain.

At night the scene is fairy-like. The walks are

filled, the music is enticing, the fragrance of flowers fills the air, laughter and gay repartee are heard on every side, the pleasure of all is genuine and unaffected. Everything is novel, and one scarce heeds the cathedral clock tolling away the passing hours of the night.

It is hard to leave Chihuahua. Acquaintance increases the desire to stay longer. There is so much sunshine, so many quiet corners, so many flowers, that one is fain to linger. There is San Francisco, with its gilded altars, walls, porticos and garden, where stillness reigns, and mellow lights throw into dim relief the whitened pillars and the flowering shrubs; the Barracks, with their pompous soldiers; the creek, winding through groves of trees and under rustic bridges; the clear, bright air, the curious streets, the little shops. The town has not caught the spirit of the new invasion yet. It still pursues its even way of life, sleeping at noonday, wide-awake at night, satisfied, quaint and novel.

CHAPTER VI.

In the Footsteps of Coronado.

THE picturesqueness Southern Arizona possesses is that of New Mexico intensified. Yellow-sanded valleys are wider and longer; pale blue mountains, with serrated tops, are higher; old ruins of prehistoric people are more dilapidated. With an average elevation of 4000 feet above sea-level, the country enjoys that clear and bracing atmosphere so peculiar to elevated regions, and which heightens the color of every hill and crumbling ruin. Even the most prosaic monuments are glorified in the warm, clear air. There is great expansion and vastness and grandeur. In whatever direction one looks, there are mountains of ever varying size and shape massed together beneath the sunlit sky of blue, and gathered about the abruptly rising heights lie rivers of yellow sand, dotted with flowering cacti, and forming a brilliant contrast of color with the never-ending ranges.

The history of Arizona has never been written. It is known only to the ruins of a forgotten people that lie scattered over the Territory; and they are silent and hold fast within their walls the facts connected with the people who once had cities where there are barren fields to-day, and farms where worthless wastes

now exist. The prehistoric dwellers, judging from the ruins left, were rich and cultivated. Under their rule Arizona was a garden. The canals they built, the farms they cultivated, may still be traced and located, and in their houses remain the articles that they manufactured. Could but the inanimate speak, the story of Arizona would be more interesting than fiction.

But there is a new as well as an old in Arizona, and the new is not uninteresting. The progress of the past few years has been phenomenal, and yet the process of utilization is only in its infancy. Few consider the Territory an agricultural center; and yet it is one. Hitherto the mines of Arizona have gained prominence for it; in the near future productive valleys will add to its reputation. The quantity of cereals grown in the last few years in the Salt and Gila River valleys has been very large. Near the town of Phœnix the country is literally covered with farms, and in other sections lands once dry and neglected are being rapidly reclaimed.

The climate and soil are both propitious. While the higher parts of Arizona are cold, those in the south are warm and protected. In the Gila and Salt valleys there is but little winter weather, and the supply of water is abundant. The regions have been cultivated to a certain extent for three hundred and fifty years, but the soil to-day is as rich as centuries ago. The question whether cereals will grow is no longer a doubtful one. Experiments have given an affirmative

answer. By irrigation thousands of acres have already been made valuable; and with water thousands more will be. In 1883 there were 135,573 acres in farms, which were valued at $1,127,946. Maricopa County, watered by the Salt River, is principally devoted to agriculture, and contains 400,000 acres of arable land. The soil is a sandy loam, high and porous, and is particularly adapted to fruit trees. Nearer the stream it is a rich adobe.

There are eight irrigating canals already built in the county and nearly 40,000 acres are under cultivation. The planting season begins in November and lasts until March, and four crops a year are gathered. Wheat averages about twenty-five bushels to the acre, and barley twenty-six. There are 33,000 fruit trees already planted and 216,000 grape vines, the mission, muscat and black Hamburgh being the favorites. Vines planted from cuttings begin to yield the second year. Vegetables thrive bounteously and attain great size. Cotton was raised in Salt Valley by the Pima Indians long before DeSoto discovered the Mississippi, and at present the settlers are literally sitting beneath their own vine and fig tree—the almond, fig, plum and pomegranate being easily grown where it was thought that nothing would ever thrive. It was in these valleys, now beginning to blossom and to produce, that the earliest inhabitants had their farms and long canals.

A canal is now being dug in Maricopa County from Salt River, just below the mouth of the Verde, which

will cost $400,000 and open 80,000 acres to cultivation. From the Gila four canals are being constructed which will make available as many acres more. Land at present is valued at $5 to $10 per acre, where unimproved but accessible to water, while improved land is held at from $15 to $30 per acre. Near Phœnix $100 is asked and paid for valley land that has been improved.

The Territory has also 60,000 square miles of grazing lands, and there is hardly a single section that does not have its growth of grass. After the summer rains, lasting from July to the end of August, the valleys and hill-sides are rolling seas of brightest green, and are dotted with delicately hued flowers. Arizona contains 300,000 head of cattle, 680,000 sheep, and 32,000 horses. Each year sees the country more generally utilized by stockmen. During the past season thousands of cattle have been imported. Some of the counties have a supply of grasses sufficient to feed 500,000 head of cattle, and many of the valleys, such as those of the Santa Cruz, San Simon and San Pedro, can afford grazing to a million head.

To a casual observer Arizona is dry and barren. Escaping from New Mexico by way of Deming, the terminus of the Atchison Road in the southwest, one enters the country by the Southern Pacific Railway and is soon winding among the isolated peaks that cover the region in every direction. Here valleys broaden and again contract. There are low, flat plains, tree-

less, sandy and neglected, and rock-strewn cañons leading zig-zag courses among the mountains. Cactus and palms, alkali basins and sharp-pointed mounds are everywhere. There is isolation and loneliness, grandeur and picturesqueness. Far-away heights are blue, nearer ones are brown. One sees but little freshness, but little verdure; to all appearances the region is arid, void of beauty, bare and bleak.

PAPAGO INDIAN.

And yet the wealth existing is greater than can be imagined. All the ore taken up to the present time from Arizona mines is but a fraction of that still remaining hid. In 1882 the yield of silver and gold was valued at $10,000,000. A single mine at Tombstone, once valued at $10,000, has produced $5,000,000.

Pima County is one of the oldest and most important mineral sections of the Territory. Men were digging its gold when the Southwest was centuries younger than it is to-day. In the southwestern limits of the county are the Quijotoa mines, the latest ones of value discovered, and which are now being successfully worked. Around them them the first mining operations ever attempted by Europeans in America began.

Mining countries will always have their ups and downs probably, and Arizona is no exception to the rule. When properties were first discovered any hole in the ground tempted capitalists to pour in their gold, hoping to get out more than they put in. There was energy without discretion. Men were shrewd, but barren of conscience. The country enjoyed a boom for a time, then grew listless, and to-day many towns of mushroom growth have degenerated into lifeless hamlets, and capitalists have lost heavily in their prospect holes. Compared with its condition two years ago, Arizona is utterly dead. At least, there is no mining excitement. Good properties are still paying—bad ones do not pay, and never will. The business has settled into ledgers, and there is little speculation. Legitimate has supplanted illegitimate. Mines are sold only after careful examination. Capital seeks sure rather than high profits. Tombstone was inflated and burst, and its downfall has taught new towns to proceed slowly.

But notwithstanding the apparent dullness, progress

is being made. The present growth is more stable, if not so rapid. The base of success has been made broader. Reason is more often consulted now. Every year sees progress made. Where people once depended on mines alone, they now look to their farms and herds as well. Industries are more varied. Smaller percentages are accepted. There is less hurry and flurry, more honesty and patience. Death is not present, but thoughtfulness is. Men consider and ponder more than they did. Time is being taken to consider. The old truism, that "haste makes waste," is accepted. The fact is realized, that great fortunes will not continue to come by chance, but that patient industry may gain them. Those who enjoy "booms" regret that the one Arizona had is over. But those who fail to see the usefulness of undue excitement are glad. And those who are happy form the main portion of the population. They are the men to whose untiring energy the country will owe the success it must eventually have.

The history of mining in Arizona reads like a romance. Many a fortune has come by merest chance. In one instance a man drinking from a spring noticed a rock beneath the water. He rose with a rock in his hand that assayed $10,000 per ton. In four years the mine netted a million and a half of dollars. In 1875, a party of prospectors lost one of their mules. Later he was found on the top of a hill, and in going up the elevation the finder stumbled over the croppings of a

mine, since famous as the "Silver King," which has already yielded $4,000,000. The mines around Ben Nevis, in the Quijotoa District, were worked for years before McKay climbed the mountain, located the "Peer and Peerless," and made $500,000 in eight months. The ignorant often succeeded where the cultivated failed. College graduates grew poor as itinerant tramps grew rich. Saloon-keepers became millionaires and parsons died of starvation. Chance favored the undeserving and neglected the deserving.

The largest timber tract in Arizona is in the northern portion of the Territory, and extends southwest from the San Francisco Mountains. It contains 12,000 square miles, and its yield is estimated to be nearly one billion feet of lumber. The pine is the predominant tree, and often grows to a height of 200 feet. Many of its forests are still untouched, though from some of them considerable lumber is being sent East and to old Mexico.

Any one traveling across Arizona on the Southern Pacific road in summer, will incline to the opinion that the country is unbearably hot and dry. The road has selected the easiest but not the pleasantest route, and the heat in very truth is sweltering. But in reality Arizona has an enviable climate. It possesses three climatic zones. The first extends from the Utah line to the thirty-fourth parallel, and is from 4000 to 6500 feet above the level. The average temperature in summer is about seventy-five degrees. The winters

are free from severe storms. Snow is only found upon the mountains. South of the thirty-fourth parallel the elevation is from 2000 to 4000 feet less, and the climate is warm, the summer being practically continuous. In the Salt and Gila valleys winter never intrudes, and the air of January is mild and bracing. The third zone is found around Yuma, on the Colorado River. There it is always hot in the superlative degree.

The thermometer often registers one hundred and sixteen degrees in the shade, and never forgets itself sufficiently to go far below seventy. The Indians of Yuma have long since accepted the situation, and dress becomingly in a paper collar, without accessories, and later residents long to do the same.

There are many cities in the Southwest that have a location commanding an extended view of lofty mountains, but Tucson, in Southern Arizona, is particularly happy in its surroundings. In whatever direction he may gaze, one will find blue-hued heights to look upon and to admire. The town is settled in a mountain-guarded basin, wide, flat and brush-grown, and around the enclosure are pointed cones and serrated ranges rising abruptly from the plains.

Could Bayard Taylor have seen the Catalina Mountains from Tucson, he would have lavished upon them fully as many encomiums as he did upon the Rockies, as they appeared rising from the prairies of Colorado. The Catalinas have not the massive ruggedness of the

Rockies, nor have they any of their peaks capped with banks of unmelting snow; but they are very beautiful, nevertheless, and seen through the thin, blue haze often lingering about them constantly appeal to one's affection by the gracefulness of their contour and the delicate coloring of their sides.

There is a deal of veneration born in the soul of man by the sight of mountains. Grand old ranges are to the people of the Southwest what the ocean is to those living on its shores. They speak in countless ways out of their grim silence, even as do the waves as they pound upon the whitened sands of the seashore. Tucsonians sometimes complain of their isolation from the cultured refinement of the East, but with the complaint is always mingled the gratification that the mountains are theirs. The various peaks, cañons and rounded heights all become individualized in time, and are ever ready to satisfy the longings for that which whispers to the mind and refreshes the soul.

Nature, after all, is the great pacifier. Ruined hopes seem less hard to bear when one can look, in his sorrow, upon a placid lake, a fertile valley or a delicately-fashioned peak. They bring rest together with assurance. Many a man, beaten in the battle of life, has found comfort at last in country vistas, void of turmoil and strife. In Arizona, Nature's monuments are particularly impressive, and at Tucson, generally regarded as wild, reckless and uncivilized, one has glimpses of nature making him forget, for a time at least, the dull

reality of the present in his contemplation of the future as suggested by the scenery about the town.

Tucson is an ancient city. Antedating Jamestown and Plymouth, it was visited by Coronado in 1540, lived in by Europeans in 1560, and had its first missionaries in 1581. But long before 1540 there was an Indian village existing on the site of the present city, so that Tucsonians can, if they please, claim an age for their town as great as the Santa Féans claim for theirs.

But for all practical purposes, 1540 is a sufficiently ancient date, and if Tucson only becomes as good as it is old, no one will complain; and so far it has done well. While not a particularly attractive city at first sight, it still stands in close proximity to much that is interesting, and is, besides, wide-awake and progressive. There is much *adobe* and great irregularity, and parts of the city resemble sections of Santa Fé and other semi-Spanish towns. The new that there is stands prominently forth by contrast with the old, and seems incongruous at first, until one realizes that Tucson has had fresh blood infused into it, and that it is the commercial center of Southern Arizona.

One at once notices the distinctive animation that exists. The shops and streets might, properly, contain lazy Spaniards and lumbering ox-carts; but they do not. The new-comers have suppressed the ancient inhabitants. The same shaded porticos and heavy adobe walls remain, but the listlessness of former days has departed. It is true, the Papago Indians, who formerly

owned the town, but who to-day reside outside its limits, wander about the streets, laden with home-made goods, and there are Mexicans and Indian ponies, and many suggestions of the Spanish occupancy. But the place is Americanized, after all, and the town, though old, is not asleep. Its social life, especially, is refined and agreeable. People of culture have congregated in it, and so utilize their opportunities as to enjoy life at its full. They have not theatres, perhaps, and art galleries, but they have their rides over the plains to the cañons, mountain peaks and fresh green valleys, and those acquainted with such attractions soon feel willing to give up the East.

SAN XAVIER.

The most popular ride or drive out of Tucson is up the valley of the Santa Cruz, a shallow stream winding down from Sonora toward the city, to the Mission San Xavier. The church was finished more than a century

ago by the Spanish *padres*, and is the most interesting monument in the Territory. Nearing it, by following the river as it winds through luxuriant groves of cottonwood trees and low-growing shrubs, giving by their green presence the lie to the too-often-repeated assertion that Arizona is a desert, one has glimpses, from time to time, of the white walls and graceful towers of the cathedral, standing clearly outlined in the strong sunlight against the blue-hued Catalinas. There are green pastures, thatched-roofed cottages of Papago Indians, cultivated fields, bright-colored flowers. Off in the distance, mountain peaks fill the horizon; the air is cool in the shade; cattle feed in the pastures. The region is a bit of New England, fair, fresh and fruitful.

Cabeza de Vaca marched up the Santa Cruz valley on his way to Mexico to report the existence of the "Seven Cities of Cibola;" and it was by following the stream that Coronado came from Sonora into Arizona in 1540. But even before the advent of the Spaniards, the Papagos had inhabited the region, and still remain in it, tilling their grounds, minding their cattle, and making pottery and baskets for their neighbors, the Tucsonians. Possibly they will be driven out, however, now that the valley is found productive, but at present they hold tenaciously to their own, and add picturesqueness to a naturally attractive place.

If a modern architect were to build a church in Arizona, which should harmonize with the surroundings,

he could not improve upon the plan and style adopted by the builders of San Xavier. The years that have elapsed since the work was completed have witnessed many attacks of age upon the façade and two high towers guarding it, and the church has suffered from neglect. The wall once surrounding it has great gaps; the balcony over the main doorway is dilapidated and unsafe; the statue of St. Francis above it has lost all the resemblance it may once have had to the patron saint; and as for the colored decorations of the interior, they are sadly in need of fresh paint and of a general freshening up. San Xavier is suggestive of a church whose people had forsaken their temple and left it to its fate. There is the air of neglect about it that is so noticeable in the moss-grown castles of Europe; and there is, too, just as much fascination.

One begins at once to weave curious fancies regarding the past, and falls to speculating about the scenes of earlier days, when the time-stained church was the scene of gorgeous pageants. In its day, San Xavier had none of the loneliness that clings to it at present. The gaudy decorations of roof, walls and altar, the fanciful bits of carving, the statues in deep-set niches were bright and all intact a century ago. Masses were said by richly dressed fathers; costly incense was burned; the Spanish bells called successfully from the belfries in the towers. The church was a power, loved, if feared; the centre of government, the storehouse of rich ornaments.

But if San Xavier has lost most of its glory it is not entirely neglected. The Indians still worship there, and one old native still acts as custodian of the place and pilots visitors into the interior. The church stands upon elevated ground and commands a view of the entire valley. In the distance Tucson is visible, crowded down among its hills, and in another direction are the Catalinas. Following the guide one passes through long, dark corridors, musty with age and suggestive of hooded monks, and from them into the interior, where grim shadows lurk continually in the corners, behind the altar and in the choir, over the main entrance. In the dimness the place loses all its harsh crudeness. If not magnificent, as cathedrals should be, it still is picturesque.

The church is in the form of a Greek cross, and the decorations are lavish if not always artistic. There is much bad taste in the manner the paint is applied to every pillar and wall; but in the light of the place the effect is far from disagreeable, and one is reminded a little, even if only a little, of St. Marks, at Venice. There are no Mosaics in San Xavier, no alabaster pillars and rich treasures; but the colorings are brilliant, the carvings around the altar elaborate, and the quaint costumes of the Indian worshipers—one will always find a few gathered before a shrine—render the entire picture unique, if nothing more. The cathedral brings the past into the present, and serves as a connecting link between that which was and is. It is an historical

landmark, indicative by its presence of Spanish conquest; suggestive, with its decay, of the failure of the invasion.

If the whole of Arizona were as beautiful as the Santa Cruz valley, as it appears from the San Xavier towers, the Territory would be acknowledged a garden more generally than it is by those who make a rapid flight across it without stopping to inquire if any charms exist. Climbing the crumbling stairways leading to the bells, that still wake the echos of the region at stated intervals, the river and the fields, Tucson and its plains, the mountains and isolated hills are all exposed to view. The coloring is rich and bright, green fields, blue peaks, brown walls, yellow acres of waving grain. Verdure supplants barrenness. There is vastness and grandeur, cultivation and picturesqueness. Looking upon the valley, choked with trees, protected by high ranges, one wonders, while admiring, when other sheltered and watered vales of Arizona will be reclaimed. For this of the Santa Cruz is no better than others, and contains nothing that its fellows may not have.

CHAPTER VII.

A Seaport of Old Mexico.

THE State of Sonora, Mexico, belongs to the Southwest. Through it marched the Spaniards on their way to the north, and into it, to-day, reaches a branch of the Atchison Railway, the last invader of a much-invaded region.

Mexico has made rapid progress in the last half-dozen years. In 1878 the only railway of importance in the Republic extended from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. Now there is the Mexican Central, traversing the country from north to south; the Mexican National, entering at Leredo and passing westward to the capital; and the Sonora Railway, extending from Benson, Arizona, to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California.

The sentiment of the Republic has changed. Diaz, elected President for the second time, is a statesman as well as soldier. He inclines to progress more than to revolution. By his aid, in a great measure, the present railways were built. While much still remains to be done, a great deal has been accomplished; and Diaz is the man for the times. In 1878 he encouraged American capital coming into Mexico. He is a second Juarez, and in all probability will enjoy a brilliant administration.

In 1873, illustrative of the progress made, the value of the imports and exports between Mexico and the United States was $10,541,066; in 1883 it was $24,764,743. The revenues of Mexico have more than doubled in the last five years, being only $17,811,125 in 1878–9, and over $36,000,000 in 1883–4. From 1877 to 1882 the country produced $161,286,744 worth of silver, or 28 per cent. of the total production of the globe.

South of the district in which is the City of Mexico, the climate is tropical, and the vegetation rank. Beyond the burning sands, on which stands the city of Vera Cruz, facing the Gulf, is a long succession of tropical gardens, producing every known fruit in richest abundance; and even on the table lands, with an average elevation of 7000 feet, there are extended areas, capable of almost unlimited production.

Until recently, Sonora was but little known. Containing barely a tenth of the entire population of the country, its cities are few and small, and its achievements unimportant. Along its western borders lie the waters of the Gulf of California, pressed down upon by low-browed hills, and its eastern limits contain the Sierra Madre mountains, that come into the south from Arizona.

Between the blue-hued range and the Gulf are long, wide stretches of sand, brush and cactus grown here, and barren there; watered valleys, cultivated and productive; protected basins, containing picturesque towns,

fields of grain, vineyards and orchards. Riding by rail down the center of the State, one is led by the general appearance of the country to regard it as a deserted region, vast but valueless, hot and unproductive. Once escaping from the valleys leading over the hills that separate Sonora from Arizona, the railway traverses a veritable desert. Flat, sandy wastes extend about one in every direction, towns are scattered and poorly built, and only the distant mountains, grouped together in the east, relieve the dull monotony of the view.

But in reality Sonora contains much that is attractive, and has great natural wealth. The length of the State is about 700 miles; its breadth varies from 120 to 300 miles; and its area is 123,466 square miles. Along the coast the surface is diversified by valleys, plains and mountains, but in the neighborhood of the Sierra Madres is lofty and broken. Dry plains are located in the northwest, while table-lands lie in the northeast, and extend from the valley of the Santa Cruz to the base of the Sierra Madres. The vast plains and wide valleys of the interior have a soil of great depth and richness.

The best lands, and those most generally cultivated, lie in the northern and eastern sections of the State, and along the Yaqui and Mayo rivers. Near the Sierras the country is especially fertile, and contains extended ranches and farms. The mineral belt is also located there, and many of the mines, adding materially to the wealth of Sonora, are being worked, after

long centuries of idleness, by English and American capitalists.

The mines of Sonora have been known from time immemorial. Many of the older ones have a history clouded with traditions, and some have no data to determine the first period of their existence. But in all their years they have never yet been systematically and thoroughly developed. Of the dozen or more districts scattered over the State, many contain richly producing mines, and were worked in a desultory manner by the Spaniards. The Alamos District, 240 miles southeast from Guaymas, is particularly rich in silver leads, while that of San Ildefonso, 100 miles westward from Hermosillo, contain a number of gold veins.

Besides gold and silver, Sonora also contains large quantities of coal, antimony, lead and zinc. Several of the mineral districts are located in fertile tracts of country, and in close proximity to prosperous towns and reduction furnaces. There is also a large supply of timber in the Sierras, and the bottom lands, in protected basins and in the larger valleys, produce with rich abundance every known cereal and fruit. Fruits of the tropical zone and those of the temperate zone thrive equally well. Irrigation is necessary in nearly every instance, but whenever water is supplied the soil produces most lavishly.

Leaving Benson, Arizona, the Sonora Railway follows a winding creek, flowing from a range of hills

that separate Mexico from our territory, and from it climbs through tortuous cañons, fresh valleys and over the divide into Sonora. The scenery is surpassingly beautiful, having a rugged grandeur at first, while the Arizona heights remain in view, and picturesqueness later on, when the way leads through groves of live oaks that cover the sides of gently-rounded hills, green with short, sweet grasses.

The fertility is universal. High-pointed mountains, extending in uncertain courses here and there over the region, form a blue back-ground to green fields and yellow-colored rocks, while every cañon has its limpid stream, fringed with stately trees and low-growing shrubs. Many of the valleys, leading from and into rolling pastures, are covered with farms, as fresh, fair and verdant as those among the Eastern hills, and one loses, for a time at least, that sense of vastness so characteristic of the great Southwest.

The little town of Nogales, situated directly on the dividing line between southern Arizona and northern Mexico, is the port of entry to Sonora, and a typical Mexican village. It nestles in a narrow valley, formed by two ranges of low hills, and watered by a stream of clear, fresh water, and is hardly more than a collection of adobe huts, crowded together in disorderly confusion. From a little distance the village is a quaint oddity that constantly invites a nearer inspection. And yet one would do well to see it only from afar, for the closer the investigation the more prosaic and

dirty the place appears. A small town in Mexico is far from being entirely attractive. Not only are the houses rudely made, and crowded uncomfortably together, but there is present an odor that is far from pleasant to the nostrils. And as for general cleanliness, one must go elsewhere before he finds it.

But Nogales is not entirely depraved, and as you leave it, the little cottages, with wreaths of smoke curling upward from the chimney tops, have a certain picturesqueness which predisposes one to form an immediate attachment for the Republic at large. It is the curious and the strange in life, after all, that one wants to discover; and Mexican towns and cities have a flavor of oddity about them which renders them as attractive, to a certain extent, as the villages lying beneath an Italian sky, or within short distance of the crumbling walls of the Alhambra.

Below Nogales a few miles, the way leads out of the cañons into the great central valley of Sonora, that region of solidly baked sands, coarse growth of shrubs and cacti, dry, hot air, and general dreariness, which is confined between the Sierra Madres, on the one side, and the Coast Range on the other. Far away in the east and west the mountains may be seen lifting their pale blue fronts out of the levels lying at their base, but immediately at hand is the flat, uninteresting country down which the railroad runs.

In this veritable desert even the hardy trees have a dry and withered look, and the yellowish sands lie

simmering in the hot sunlight. There are few suggestions of civilization and settlement, and even the towns that are passed have an air of neglect and loneliness about them which is not only repellant, but which causes one at all times to pity the unfortunates obliged to live in such dull, hot places. The huts are made of reeds plastered on the roof with grass and mud; and as for the natives, they are robed as nearly as possible after the fashion of Mother Eve. The children follow the dictates of nature, and lie curled up in shady places, with no other covering than that given by the flies settling on their bodies. The heat is continuous and oppressive, enervating to the strong as well as to the weak—omnipresent and parching. One longs to copy the natives, and discard superfluous clothing, and he feels that Sonora, if its main valley is a sample, is altogether unfitted for a stranger's place of residence.

Nearing Hermosillo, which lies about midway between Guaymas and Nogales, one enters at a bound a section of Sonora which is as richly cultivated, fresh, fair, and pretty as the major portion of the valley is the reverse. Near the city, which is the largest in the State, the mountains are only separated by a narrow tract of land that is watered by the Sonora River and irrigating ditches extending in every direction. It is a fruitful vale, crowded with groves of lemon, fig, orange, and banana, and containing fields of waving grass and grain. To residents of the main valley, the Hermosillo dis-

trict must appear a second Eden. Every inch of ground is cultivated; the hot rays of the sun are baffled in their effect by vigorous shade trees; and along the banks of the creeks grow masses of sugar-cane. The soil is rich and productive, and aided by a genial climate (hot, to be sure, but not of burning heat), and carefully watered, grows whatever may be planted, whether it be a flowering shrub, or a grove of orange trees, with yellow fruit gleaming among the leaves.

Many have argued from this fertility of the Hermosillo country that the whole State of Sonora might be cultivated as well if properly irrigated, and there seems no valid reason why it should not be. The soil is the same, the climate is not materially different, and it seems that only the energy is wanting.

Hermosillo, as a city, ranks, by reason of its size, importance, and general appearance, with Chihuahua and Durango in the northeast of Mexico. It has a population of some 10,000 people, and its public and private buildings are large and handsomely constructed. At the end of the city is the plaza, without which no Mexican city would be complete, and leading to it are various long and narrow streets, lined with two-storied adobe houses, and paved with rounded cobble-stones. Within the plaza, laid out in shaded walks that are fringed with myriads of vari-colored flowers, is a large stand, in which the military band plays, and rustic seats placed beneath orange and lemon trees. Seated here in protected corners, one looks over the city house-tops

to the mountains crowding down and overlooking the town, or up one of the public ways to a white-faced cathedral with melodious bells, which guards the city on the north.

The picture presented is one of varying attractions, warm-colored and listless, illumined by stucco decorated walls, and dark, swarthy faces peering above snowy clothes. There is but little animation among those whom one notices moving lazily about the little square, or taking refreshing *siestas* on the benches. It is too hot to venture into the sunshine, even if the energy to do so were present; and a Mexican loves, above all other things, to lead a life of ease and of repose. And in Hermosillo, indeed, there is some excuse for his prevailing laziness. Where the sun strikes the pavements, the heat rises in glaring, quivering layers, and the shadows are dark and clearly outlined. The city is hot, and at noonday is a deserted village, with shop windows tightly barred, doors all closed, and people fast asleep.

Beyond Hermosillo, as one continues his way toward Guaymas, the same dreary levels are again encountered, and the heat becomes every moment drier and more oppressive. The wastes of sand, with scrawny cacti growing here and there, lend a general dreariness to the scene. The country looks shriveled up, and one has to be argued with many times before being convinced that if the land were irrigated it would be valuable.

There is too much actuality to suggest many glorious possibilities. At times the road leads past lowly huts, with half-naked Indians grouped about the open doorway; and again past a straggling village, with its half-dozen houses protected from the sunlight by an awning of reeds or bushes. Continuing southward, and everywhere encountering the same dry, hot scenes, the way at last runs beside an inlet of the sea, that has forced its way far in among the sun-baked sands; then over a long bridge, leading to a hilly isle, and from there around the shores of other inlets and secluded bays to where there is a station. From it the town of Guaymas appears in sight, nestled by the side of its deep and land-locked harbor.

It is so generally supposed that Guaymas faces the Gulf of California, that when one arrives in the town and finds that it looks toward the east rather than toward the west, and that the waters of the Gulf are nowhere to be seen, he becomes hopelessly confused, at first, regarding the points of the compass, and is inclined to believe that Nature is playing a joke upon him. But when he climbs any one of the high hills that rise sharply from the western limits of the town, the seeming incongruity is explained and the east is seen to be in its proper relative position.

For Guaymas is built upon a long and narrow stretch of land that shoots far southward into the waters of the Gulf, then turns sharply eastward and again toward the north, until an inland bay is formed, leading into a

channel which extends to the Gulf, and on the shore of which is Guaymas.

The harbor is filled with unruffled waters, and the surrounding ranges of bare hills protect it on every side. Sailing toward the city, one moves eastward at first, then toward the north until the channel leading to the bay is reached, when the course is changed to south, and the way lies through a narrow opening. It is a picturesque entrance, safe and deep, and the harbor is the best in Western Mexico. The largest ships can enter it and anchor within a hundred yards of shore. The fact that Guaymas is nearer Australia and the South American ports than either San Pedro or San Francisco, has led to the hope that the city would become the shipping and receiving port of the western coast. It was with this idea that the Sonora Railroad was built.

So far, however, the business has not been large, and Guaymas, while still of considerable importance, is hardly a metropolis, and remains to-day, as for years past, a village of but limited activity, though naturally well calculated to enjoy a large trade and great prosperity. Connected, as it is, by a continuous line of railway with the East, it seems to deserve an importance greater than it now has.

Seen from the hills beyond it, Guaymas looks its best. From that elevated stand-point, the little seaport exposes to view its flat-roofed, adobe houses, its unfinished cathedral, whose dome towers white and

rounded above the other buildings, its plaza, busy streets, and the calm, still bay, reflecting in its clear depths the Indian barges, anchored near the wharf, and the larger ships from foreign ports lying further out. There is the channel, with white-winged boats gliding to and from the harbor, and far away, beyond the hot and dusty plains, rise the majestic heights of the Sierra Madre, softly outlined againt the sky.

A GUAYMAS BOY.

Guaymas is not an old town, nor has it a superabundance of attractions. A much older village, from which the present one takes its name, stands in ruins not far away, and boasts of Spanish origin. But it has been eclipsed by the new comer, and the present Guaymas will undoubtedly soon claim the birthday of the older town, and be spoken of as an ancient

city. And its looks will not belie the boast. To-day it might add another century to the one it has already lived, and none would doubt the claim. Not only are the houses antiquated and scarred, but the wharf is dilapidated and abandoned to the Indians, who pitch their tents upon it. Many of the inhabitants appear to have existed for untold centuries, so old and wrinkled are they, and the streets of the village have that listless air about them so peculiar to cities of antiquity.

As in Italy all roads lead to Rome, so in Guaymas all streets lead to the plaza. It is the radiating center of the village, and the congregating spot of all the people. During the day, the little square, with its trim rows of orange trees, well-made walks and flowering shrubs, is deserted, save for the few passing through it on their various errands; but during the evening, when the labors of the day are ended, it is filled with idlers, who promenade its walks, or lounge upon the benches, enjoying the cool air and the lively music of the military band. During our stay the moon was at its full, and hung above the city like a ball of fire, lighting the hill-tops, and touching with silvery hand the dome of the cathedral and the low, flat roofs of the houses. Out in the bay it fell upon the water with long, bright glimmer, and on the distant ranges threw dark shadows down the mountain sides. The air was calm and soft, and perfumed with the fragrance of myriads of flowers, while at intervals rose the sweet notes of the players flooding the town with music, and

lending a picturesque and fascinating brilliancy to the scene.

If night could always linger at Guaymas, the city would never grow dull or commonplace, for when the sun once sets, the otherwise prosaic town is imbued with joyous life. All troubles are forgotten then, and the rich and the poor flock into the plaza to enjoy the cool night air, the music, the cigarette, the sedate flirtation with the pretty *señorita*.

Down by the side of what is politely called the wharf of Guaymas stands a broad-balconied custom house, in the shadow of which one may be always certain of finding a group of Yaqui Indians, curled up in cool corners, or stretched at full length on their bits of matting, enjoying a quiet *siesta*.

The Yaquis are the laborers of Sonora, and constitute a large proportion of the population. Their village is situated only a few miles from town, on the Yaqui River, and contains some four thousand people. The ruler of the tribe, Cajemé by name, is a despot of the deepest sort. His power is absolute, he has his own custom house, and levies toll upon any export or import he pleases to tax, and his farms are the most prosperous in the State. It is the Yaqui gardens which supply the tables of Guaymas, and the Indians are the bearers of heavy burdens, the builders of railways, the boatmen, and porters of the land. They come into town early every morning, rowing or sailing heavy laden boats up to the old wharf, and from there carry-

ing their goods about the streets. At evening, those who have sold their possessions enter their boats again and sail for home, while the less fortunate camp upon the wharf and pass away the hours of night singing plaintive melodies and indulging in childish sports. Living in so warm a climate, they dress in cotton garments and wear broad-brimmed *sombreros* and leather sandals. They are strong, and often handsome, skillful makers of baskets, mats, and cages, and rarely mingle with the other classes.

The cathedral of Guaymas, which faces the plaza, is one only in name, and is still far from being finished. It is an ordinary building of brick, and presents none of the interesting features usually accompanying Mexican churches. At the present rate of progress it will be years before it is completed.

When one has exhausted the pleasures of the plaza and the hills, with their view of the city nestling beneath them, there is left in Guaymas little to do but to roam aimlessly about the narrow streets, with their quaint phases of life, or to sit upon the benches down near the custom house, and watch the boats gliding over the waters of the harbor. From the latter place there is always something of interest taking place. Now one sees the barges lightering the freight ashore from the ship that is anchored out in mid-channel; now the Yaqui boats appear, laden to the water's edge with garden produce. Away toward the east is the channel leading out to sea, hemmed in by blue hills,

and lighted now and then by a white-winged vessel; while on a sharply rising bit of ground near by stand the ruins of a long-neglected fort, which Maximilian erected during his short, sad reign. The bay, at times, is full of boats, while here and there a steamer from foreign ports is anchored in the midst of smaller crafts.

The streets of Guaymas are odd little alley-ways, paved with large, flat stones, and lined on either side by rows of adobe shops and residences. Into some of the wider ones the American horse-car, drawn by a mule, has found its way, but usually there are only the native carts, big and ungainly, and the oddly dressed people, crying their wares early in the day, later curled up in shaded doorways, and in the evening making haste to reach the plaza. Here, at one moment, comes the Guaymas water-cart, pulled by a patient mule, with the driver perched in uncomfortable position behind him; and there the still more primitive carrier, the *burro*, loaded with pig-skins filled with water, and led by a black-haired, bright-faced boy.

One learns in time to take an interest in the different people met with on the way, and the streets, for all they are so plain and common, grow in popularity as the days go past. Guaymas, at last, with all its heat and glaring defects, steals a place in one's affections, and with regret is left to bask in its sunlight as the stranger moves toward the north again to another seaport of the western coast which the Franciscan *padres* beautified.

CHAPTER VIII

With the Franciscan Fathers.

IT is but natural to go to California after visiting Sonora. The history of the Southwest leads one out of Mexico, through Sonora, and on to Southern California. In former years the early Spanish *padres* moved westward from Tucson and established missions among the warm and sheltered valleys of California. Many of the churches that they built are melancholy ruins to-day, and the founders have long been dead and forgotten.

But the achievements of the romantic past are not forgotten, and in passing toward the Pacific, one never loses the Franciscan flavor so prominently present in the Southwest. Americans have robbed Arizona and parts of Sonora of many distinctive characteristics suggestive of Spain, but have not destroyed all the adobe churches, which Father Junipero and his *confreres* built, nor robbed the natural scenery of its glorious beauty.

Nearing the Rio Colorado, crossed by the railway at Yuma, Arizona is not picturesque. Sandy wastes surround one. Mountains stand in isolated groups. Cactus plants, bunches of coarse grass, pointed peaks are everywhere, and in summer the heat rises in quivering layers from the parched and neglected ground.

And yet once there were wide canals, some fifty miles in length, that may still be traced, and near Casa Grande Station are the crumbling ruins of an ancient home whose history is unknown, but whose heavy walls to-day are still intact. When Casa Grande was discovered by the Spaniards in 1540, the largest building of the group was four stories high and had walls six feet in thickness. As late as a century ago one of the remaining houses measured 420 by 260 feet. That there was once a busy city near the pre-historic houses seems evident; and that the people were rich and cultivated is evinced by the treasures that have been discovered beneath the floors.

A short distance beyond Casa Grande is the station from which one takes stage to Phœnix, in the Gila Valley. Riding across the level wastes, only waiting for water to be as productive as of old, the little town is reached. Around it are gathered the farms, so rapidly spreading over all the valley, and in the streets are double rows of cottonwood trees, shading the houses and lending an air of comfort and contentment to the village.

It is by seeing such places that one's preconceived ideas of Arizona are dissipated. Here there is verdure and general freshness. Meadows reach from the river far into the plains; vineyards have been started. There are old-fashioned barns and feeding cattle and the usual accessories of New England agricultural centres. The ambition to own a farm near Phœnix to-day is as

great as formerly it was to own a mine at Tombstone; and the people now gathering in the village are the ones who will reclaim the deserts and transform the country.

It is dreary work, traveling across the desert that lies east of the Californian mountains, and between those heights and the Colorado. There, at least, man has attempted nothing. Glaring sands are everywhere, wind-swept and parched. Even the railway track is buried, at times, with heaps of sand, and the region is like an inland sea, vast but motionless.

The Spanish invaders entered California from the sea; but modern ones come into the country over the range that runs down the entire length of the State like a huge backbone. And once over it, the land of verdure, sunny skies, green grasses and fragrant flowers is reached, and the Pacific caught sight of.

Southern California is a second Eden, fresh, fair and satisfying. Leaving the Sierras, now looming above the road, robed from base to peak with verdure, one journeys northward through Nature's gardens. There are long, wide valleys, carpeted with green and brilliant with vari-colored flowers; orange groves, with golden fruit shining through the leaves; vineyards, dotting the hillsides; and olive, pear, apple and banana groves.

Formerly little was expected of Southern California. It was too dry, and sandy, ever to become valuable. When the Franciscan fathers settled in San Gabriel Valley, it was thought they had selected the only

available region, and the church the *padres* built there was the only center of cultivation. But the achievements of the past few years have settled the dispute, and the southern portion of the State has proved itself productive without limit. Already San Gabriel Valley is occupied from one end to the other, and every year is being more utilized. Water is abundant, and the climate perfect.

Los Angeles is the metropolis of Southern California. Founded by the Spaniards, and in early days a village of vine-clad, adobe houses, it to-day is a busy, bustling city, modern and prosaic. True, the "Spanish quarter" still remains and retains its old-time flavor of quaintness; but it is overpowered by the new city. To be enthusiastic now over Los Angeles, one must remember its past; for the present is not picturesque, and the people are restless workers, rather than idle dreamers, though they still have orange groves in their yards and date palms and banana trees guarding their house steps.

But if the city is less attractive than one had hoped, the surroundings are not. San Gabriel is as beautiful now as when the Fathers held undisputed possession of it. Around the old San Gabriel Mission, with heavy walls, toned by time to harmonize with the colors of the valley, are vineyards, orange groves and yellow wheat fields, and stately homes stand beside white-walled cottages. On one side of the valley runs the Sierra Madre range, from whose foothills is a view of the Pacific, stretching far away into the west.

The region is languid and satisfying—a gem of nature guarded by high blue hills and looking out upon a bluer ocean.

Santa Monica and San Pedro are the twin sea-ports of Los Angeles. The former is devoted to pleasure, and the latter to business. Santa Monica occupies the crest of a high bluff, against which the waves sound their ceaseless roar, and San Pedro stands beside a protected harbor, where ships ride safely at anchor. The town is the Piraeus of Los Angeles, receiving the freight from the steamers and sending it by rail to the city, and depending entirely on its neighbors for whatever life it has. When Richard Dana acted as sailor before the mast he packed hides along the San Pedro shore, and to-day one's baggage is trucked over the same ground when he leaves Los Angeles for the sail up the coast to that other abiding place of the Franciscan fathers, Santa Barbara, the pride of every Californian and the most attractive village, to every lover of the picturesque, in the State.

The ocean pathway along the western shores of America has been followed for centuries. Over it moved the Spanish discoverers, and up it sailed Sir Francis Drake, on his way to the Bay of San Francisco. Later, the ships bearing the Argonauts of '49 moved slowly past the sombre headlands that one passes to-day. It was all chance and guess work then, for none knew what lay before them when the journey ended. But now there is certainty in place of conjec-

ture, and when, darkness having stolen over the islands and hid the shores, a light flashes its rays over the waters, one knows that behind the long arm of the wharf, toward which the steamer makes, Santa Barbara stands waiting, and that it is the lights of the town that glimmer through the shadows of the night.

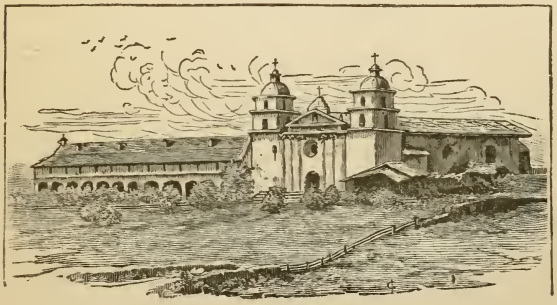
A new Santa Barbara has overgrown the old, and modern houses are fast driving out the old ones; but the surroundings of the place are all the same, and the oak-clad hills still stand in all their glory overlooking the town and its valley, and the Pacific. Even in these active times, when the ceaseless energy of man is robbing valleys of their former quiet and supplanting adobe villages by busy towns, Santa Barbara seems to have escaped the general reformation and to have retained its old-time peacefulness. With no railway connection with the outside world and no desire for it, the town lies snugly nestled in a sunlit valley that opens upon a land-locked bay where the waters are proverbially calm. North and south behind the village run the mountains of the Santa Ynez, their foothills crowned by oaks, and the main range penetrated by narrow cañons leading to rugged heights of solid rock. Facing the channel extending to the open sea are other hills, low and rounded, half sheltering the valley on the south and merging at last into a stretch of yellow beach, that runs in graceful curve for miles to Carpenteria and blue-hued Rincon peak.

Within the peaceful vale, forever green and fresh,

lies the sleepy city, with its one main street reaching up the narrow valley, from the waters of the bay, to where the Mission stands and yellow fields appear in sight. The region is restful to look at and to live in, guarded by mountains, isolated from activity, blessed with a genial climate, the home of an eternal summer. The beauties of three countries are combined. With the Swiss suggestiveness of the mountains there is the Scottish flavor of the valley, while the bay is that of Naples, blue and sparkling, and sending bits of foamy white upon a yellow shore, pressed down upon by hills of blue. No wonder the early *padres* loved the spot, or that before their time it had been for years the home of now forgotten Indians.

The history of Santa Barbara is uneventful. No fierce wars were ever waged for its possession, but the Spanish fathers quietly established themselves within the valley, and built the Mission that still stands overlooking the little town gathered before it. Previous to their day the region was peopled by Indians, and an early Spanish navigator who sailed into Santa Barbara Bay as long ago as 1542 claims to have passed several months among the indolent aborigines who are now so scattered and forgotten. In 1602 another Spanish captain—Sebastian Vizcaino—rediscovered the original village and explored the islands lying off the coast; and following him came others from the mother country who displaced the primitive huts with adobe cottages, and gained at last full possession of the land.

Then came the *padres*, temporal rulers as well as spiritual, under whom the Indians that remained were forced to till the fields and labor on the Mission. For years the valley was ruled by subjects of Old Spain, and Spanish galleys anchored in the harbor. As the Mission neared completion, the town continued to grow. Vine-clad cottages were grouped about a fort, the fields were tilled, and a lazy contentment was characteristic of the place.



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

And the contentment of the early days still lingers about the town, though the Mission has lost its power, and Americans have settled around it. Spanish cottages have given way to modern ones peopled by another race; the place enjoys the distinction of being a fashionable winter resort; and yet it retains its ancient ease, its listless inactivity. No noise of manufacturing establishments breaks the ever-present quiet; no harsh

whistle of an engine ever reverberates from the mountain sides. At times arrivals enter the town by stage, but more often come by boat; but even their appearance does not affect the general serenity of the people or disturb the even tenor of the town.

There is a neutrality about the place. Life to it is not a burden; nor is it an hilarious pleasure. One living in Santa Barbara never feels inclined to be boisterous, but is not subdued. The region calms the excited, invigorates the depressed; and yet, in time, the strong and weak, the nervous and the placid, lose both their positive and their negative qualities, and become imbued with the genial characteristics of the town itself. The surroundings invite placidity; nature, even, knows but little change from month to month. November merges into May, and roses never fail to bloom. The winter of December is the summer of June, and the summer of June is the winter of December. It is only polite fiction to grant that Santa Barbara has any seasons at all. The grasses are greener and the flowers are fresher and more abundant at one time, perhaps, than at another; but the air is ever soft, the oaks are always fresh, the sea is rarely cold.

With the evenness of temperature and the natural attractions existing, it is not strange that the town invites and holds the affections of both strangers and of residents. Its beauty is of a restful nature. Exploring the secluded cañons of the Santa Ynez, with their fresh green beauty and commanding view of distant

waters, holding on their bosom the mountain islands of the bay, one forgets that there are turmoils in the world, that killing winter ever reigns, that life is ever harsh and drear. There is picturesqueness rather than grandeur everywhere, and yet the mountains are often high and rugged. But their coloring is exquisite, and the cañons leading among them are choked with bushes and redolent with sweet odors. As for the valley, gently sloping down from orange groves and cultivated fields past the blue waters of the bay to other groves half hiding the villas of Montecito and Carpenteria, its attractions never weary because never commonplace. Fruitful fields, extending about the Mission, fill its upper end, and the opposite extremity lies beside the curved shore of the bay, with Rincon Peak overlooking it, and a range of hills guarding it on the north.

From the Mission the valley is especially attractive. Below one is the town, its white houses gleaming through masses of foliage, and beyond it the unruffled bay, with its blue-hued islands. Up the valley, fields of yellow, dotted with dark-green oaks, press upon the hillsides, and above them rise the mountains. The prospect is one of simple beauty, highly colored and picturesque. Painted at sunset with every glorious hue, the valley, even at noonday, has a charm peculiarly its own, and one that is recognized by all.

In its middle age, when the Argonauts had only begun to settle in California, Santa Barbara was one of, if not the leading city in the State. But as its rivals

grew it barely held its own, and even at the present time contains but 5000 people, and is but a village in reality, though a city by name. There is but little business transacted in the town, and the shops lining the street that extends up the valley from the bay do nothing beyond supplying residents, visitors and the buyers from the neighboring country. The nearest railway station is eighty miles away, and the only communication with the outside world is by steamers that call once a week on their way from San Francisco to San Pedro and San Diego.

The town, in fact, is a resort. Invalids seek it for the genial climate that exists, and others for the pleasures which the out-of-door life affords. Strange as it may seem, considering the fact that the summers are never other than delightful, Santa Barbara, until lately, has never been recognized except as a winter resort. From November until May has hitherto been the popular season; but the present summer saw many visitors, and probably the next will see many more. One cannot imagine a more delightful resort for the warm months. No matter how fiercely the sun may shine, the shade is always cool, and the nights never oppressive.

It is dangerous, perhaps, to recommend any one place to invalids, and yet there are reasons authorizing one to say that Santa Barbara might be selected with the certainty of benefit being received. Though near the sea, the air is comparatively dry and invigorating,

while the climate is that of Southern France. In summer there is little rain, and in winter the wet season is interspersed with clear, warm days. Many suffering from pulmonary and miasmatic diseases have been greatly benefited, and others may be. The town is a sanitarium, but will not benefit all—no place can. Some fail in Colorado, where the elevation is 7000 feet, and improve at Santa Barbara, on the sea level, and *vice versa*. But if an equable climate, and weather inviting out-door life are desired, the little town by the Mission Santa Barbara might be selected with the confident belief that it would do much toward restoring shattered health.

The accommodations are excellent. Beside the private boarding-houses, comfortable and reasonable in price, there is the world-famed "Arlington," which Colonel Hollister built. There are hotels and hotels; but the "Arlington" is the hotel. Delightfully situated so as to overlook the town and the bay, it is as large, roomy and comfortable as a Saratoga palace. A town of rare beauty, but with a poor hotel, might as well subside at once. To satisfy the soul, the stomach must not be neglected. While Santa Barbara satisfies the mind, the "Arlington" caters royally to the body. It is part and parcel of the town, one of the good things that man has provided. It is more of a home than a hotel, and its grounds give unfailing delight to the lovers of green lawns and flowers, for they have both in rich profusion. Charles Nordhoff said there was but

one Santa Barbara, and but one "Arlington;" and his sentiment has been echoed ever since.

Entering Santa Barbara by way of the sea, or coming into the valley from over the mountains, the Mission is the most conspicuous object seen. Set upon elevated ground, and commanding a view of extended surroundings, it is one of the most attractive, and perhaps the best preserved, of all the churches that the Spanish fathers built. The façade, which rises above a wide doorway, reached by a flight of low stone steps, is guarded by twin towers, each with its quota of Spanish bells, and capped by an ornamented cornice, on which the swallows have built their mass of nests.

Westward from the broad white front extends a long, low-storied wing, faced with graceful arches opening from a shaded corridor. Another flight of gray stone steps leads into this and across it to a heavy door opening into a darkened hall, which is the particular sanctum of the friars now guarding the church.

The interior of the main building is long and high, and contains upon the walls several copies of paintings placed there by the founders of the Mission. Services are still held in the church, and fête-days are scrupulously observed. The fathers dress in coarse robes, girded at the waist by a stout cord, and wear sandals. Their cells are open to male inspection, but not to that of the other sex. Nor can a woman enter the garden of the Mission, which lies behind the church. It is a quiet place, this guarded loitering ground, and

is filled with flowers and chattering swallows and shaded walks.

In the Mission's day of greatness an adobe wall surrounded its grounds, and the fathers were wealthy as well as powerful. The old wall has nearly disappeared to-day, however, and the fathers are poor and powerless. They have lost their lands, and those who worship with them are not wealthy. And yet some of the hooded monks, with shaven pates, are as round as history describes their brothers, and are jovial specimens of mankind. Isolating themselves from the world and sleeping in narrow cells, they lead poetic lives, at least, and lend by their presence an additional attractiveness to their home.

Obliterate the houses of Santa Barbara and leave but the Mission standing, and one would be transported back a century, in imagination, without the slightest trouble. For the church has changed but little in appearance or in customs since it was first erected. Time has colored the once white walls, to be sure, and has chipped off the sharp corners, and planted grasses in various crevices. But the bells still peal out their calls for prayers, the busy swallows still circle about the old façade, and the peaceful serenity of the pile is ever present. Picturesque in its location, with the mountains rising behind it and the valley stretching out before, it is no less so in its architecture. The towers, broken by cornices into three sections, are solidly yet gracefully constructed, and are capped by

rounded domes surmounted by antiquated weather vanes. Over the doorway the roof meets at an angle, and above this stands a bit of ornamentation holding the symbolic cross.

The Mission was founded in 1786, two years after the death of Father Junipero Serra at Monterey. He had selected the spot and name, however, before his death, and the foundations were probably begun as early as 1784. Upon its completion, the church was placed in charge of two priests, one of whom was Father Antonio Paterna, under whose supervision the funds granted by the Viceroy of Mexico, by authority of the King of Spain, were expended and the work of civilization continued.

The capital stock of each Mission founded in New Spain consisted of a band of two hundred black cattle, with a few sheep and horses. The church at Santa Barbara, however, soon had a large increase from the original grant, and became comparatively wealthy. The Indians were first baptized, and then taught to labor for their own livelihood and for the benefit of the Mission. The monks introduced the olive tree and the Mission grape, and in addition so civilized the Indians that some of the more talented became expert musicians, and artists of sufficient ability to copy the Spanish pictures that hang within the church.

In 1833–'34 the Act of Secularization was passed by the Mexican Congress. By it the monks lost control of their lands, and the property which they had accu-

mulated during years of labor and hardship. Thus deprived of their only means of support, many of the friars disbanded, and returned to their respective homes. The Indians also left and went south about Los Angeles, where a few scattered remnants may still be found.

In 1854 a religious house of the order of St. Francis was founded, with headquarters at the parish church that stood in Santa Barbara. But the Mission building being larger and more suitable, the monks of the new order moved into it, and have lived there ever since, and the old church is now an apostolic college for the education of youth for the order and as missionaries. The community to-day numbers twelve brothers, among whom are apt to be a few novices. They have in a measure saved the building from utter ruin, but it and the gardens are far from being in the condition they were before the Act of Secularization was passed.

The plan of the Mission is rambling and uncertain. Rooms were added when and where they were most needed, without regard to unity. The towers are of stone, plastered with a coarse layer of cement, and the walls are mostly of adobe mixed with brick. Formerly the roof was tiled, but the huge sustaining beams rotting away, it was replaced with shingles.

Near Santa Barbara are the two suburbs of Montecito and Carpenteria—the one wedged into a valley penetrating the Santa Ynez, and the other facing the

bay, with the range guarding it on the north. Carpenteria is a town of ranches, and Montecito of villas and groves. Both vie in attractiveness with Santa Barbara, but are more or less absorbed by the latter place, and properly belong to it. Beyond the Mission, and opening into the valley, are various cañons of different size—some still as Nature created them, brush-grown and wild, and others cultivated and containing olive and orange orchards. To the left of the valley, and bordering the bay, is the Hope Ranch. In it are rounded hills, cultivated here and studded with live oaks there, over which one may ride to the beach, with its high cliffs and yellow sands that runs around rocky points and past Castle Gate to the wharf at the lower end of the town.

One must live long to become tired of the rides and rambles about Santa Barbara. Those who have enjoyed them the longest love them the most. Nature has beautified and man has not injured them. They are ever fresh and attractive. Here the way is through green cañons, with colored rocks shining through green shrubs and clear streams flowing over granite ledges; and here out upon the beach, curving like a crescent, past abruptly rising cliffs and by the side of deep blue waters. One path leads to orange groves, another to mountain heights and others to tree-grown points, from which the valley, town and bay are visible far below.

Old Santa Barbara, the village of Spanish cottages, is being rapidly destroyed. The Presidio, that once

stood in the center of the town, has but a single wall remaining to mark where the fort once was, and the houses about it are every year growing fewer in number. Those that have been left, however, add yet another attraction to the city, and serve to recall the days when Americans were unknown, and Spanish authority was recognized by all.

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They are solidly built structures of adobe and heavy beams, and the walls, if left alone, would stand another century. Rarely over one story in height, the houses are roofed with bright red tiles, old-fashioned and cumbrous, and have deep porticos, with trailing vines clinging to them. The windows are small and deep-set, and the more pretentious houses are built around an open court.

It may be that the exigencies of the time require the removal of the Spanish quarters, and possibly the town will in the future shake off its present listless air, and enjoy a boom calculated to make glad the heart of

land agents. But one cannot help regretting whatever immolations there have been in the past, or will be in the future. To-day the town is not robbed of its greatest charms, and those who know it trust it never will be. Modern improvements will not assimilate with nature's work in Santa Barbara. Spoil its naturalness, and it will grow commonplace. The valley is a favored nook of California. Modernized, it and the town will become mere fashionable resorts, instead of remaining as they are to-day—incomparable and absolutely satisfactory.